

Maclean's

AUGUST 27, 1979

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FAREWELL TO THE CHIEF

Francis Coppola's
\$31-million epic
'Apocalypse Now'





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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Macleans's

AUGUST 27, 1979

VOL. 92 NO. 35



Breathing room

Trading their Ontario for living books, many Canadian executives suffering from stress are finding relief in a wilderness course that sketches physicians and physicians. **Page 12**

Try, try again

A virtual forest of critical bombs has greeted the career of Susan Aron. Now she faces another hurdle—having been dubbed the "Dark Horse" of the 90s. **Page 21**



COVER STORY

Farewell to the Chief

John Diefenbaker's distinguished life not only shaped Canada's modern history but also shaped it. The Chief's death is mourned by a nation touched by his accomplishments, compassion and unyielding sense of honour. **Page 18**



The last getto

An unofficial meeting between the P.O. and Andrew Young led not only to the UN ambassador's resignation but also further widened the rift in U.S.-Soviet relations. **Page 22**

Descent into hell

It took \$31 million and almost two years of jungle living but, with the release of the monumental Apocalypse Now, Francis Coppola has unleashed the film of his dreams. **Page 34**



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Treat your guests royally.

Editorial

The Chief was the icon of a simpler age when one man could still change history

By Peter C. Newman

When I first heard the news of John Diefenbaker's wish that his body be carried by train across the country he loved, I had two strong reactions. The first was to recall a phrase from the official program of Sir Winston Churchill's funeral, designating how his body would travel on a funeral barge down the Thames "with the pomp of waters unvisited." Somehow, that description fitted perfectly the Chief's own final journey as his unrepentant remains are borne from Ottawa to Saskatoon covered by the Red Knight he fought so hard to preserve.

My second reaction was to relive the five elections I had covered from aboard the Diefenbaker train, tumbling through the night of time in a press car filled with the noise of tapping typewriters and tinkling glasses. I particularly remember the 1958 campaign, when we all knew he couldn't win, but Diefenbaker kept searching for some token to further his fortunes. When a supporter in Richmond Hill, Ontario, gave the Chief a eucalypt, he spent hours coaxing the bird to sing, convinced that this was the omen he had been waiting for. The bird just sat there staring back at him. But a week before polling day, when Diefenbaker's luck was turned, a railway steward took pity on him and did a plausible canary imitation. The Chief got very excited and the incident noticeably boosted his energies for the final push.



John Diefenbaker was at his best moving through the knots of Prairie farmers who turned out everywhere to greet him, looking into men's eyes and women's feelings, absorbing their sense of shared loneliness, the fear of living at the margin of things. Out there among his own people, the Chief became a breathing icon, history on the hoof—the reminder of a simpler age when God was alive and one man's courage could still change history.

At Stettler, Alberta, two raggedy kids were holding up a huge, hand-lettered cardboard sign with the letters **DIEP FOR CHIEP**. At Swift Current, Saskatchewan, 25 blue-haired ladies on the back of a truck broke into *Land of Hope and Glory* and sang *Madeleineville* from *Armenians* for an encore.

At Taber, Alta., Diefenbaker told an audience of hushed schoolchildren: "I only wish that I could come back when you're my age to see the kind of Canada that you'll see. So dream your dreams, keep them and pursue them."

When we stopped briefly at Merse, Sask., a local band of musicians was out on the platform, serenading Diefenbaker with their ragged version of *The Thunderer*. None of us could file our stories because the telegrapher was playing the drama.

Later that day an old man sat by the tracks and, as the Chief's train rattled by, he held up a hand-lettered sign in the twilight that read **JOHN, YOU'LL NEVER DIE**. He was right.

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Editorial

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Cover your ears in the House, the street fighter hasn't quit yet

He began blinding shortly after having himself ejected from the Victoria legislature for non-compliance, in what became one of the highlights of a dull summer session. B.C. Opposition leader Dave Barrett, 56, proceeded to stir things up even more with his public ramblings about whether or not he would step down as NDP leader at the party's annual convention in the Labor Day weekend. As reporters' pens quivered, however, old hands quickly predicted incidentally that, after mulling it over in San Diego while visiting his brother before the convention, the B.C. street fighter would be back. With only four weeks separating the two from the social credit in the two-party boss following last May's election, the Soviets are vulnerable. "He came too close to step down," says one insider. For the record, leadership fodder includes former federal MP Stu Leggon and former Barrett cabinet minister Bill King (Labor), Dennis Cecile (Health) and Dave Sugrue (Agriculture and Finance).



Barrett: will he or won't he step down?

"It depends on the sentimentality factor," theorized one media insider early last week. "If the money feels sentimental about The Courier, it could drop dead any time." The next day The Vancouver Courier, fifty six-week entrant into the Vancouver daily newspaper wars, announced it would go back to its former twice-weekly, gateway format. Word had it that the brassy tab, which combined Fleet Street cheek with trumpeting layout, was starting to make the competing Sun and Province sweat. Unfortunately, that was more the responsibility of the balmy Vancouver temperatures. Biphasic circulation (reportedly less than 30,000 daily) and lack of advertising support convinced principal backer Gordon Stern ("the money") that his cash would be better invested elsewhere, and he withdrew a badly needed \$2-million shot in the arm, selling The Courier's fate. It was a shakedown and clearly sentimental publisher and editor Robin Lecky who told the stunned staff of 110, many of whom had fled from the packet lines of the recently strike-bound Sun and Province, that money would be back on the table again. At least half are sure to go.

Redneck Vancouver newspaper columnist Doug Collins called it the "Human Rights Branch." Earlier in the year its director had attracted attention when ordered by directors of the Human Rights Commission to take down her controversial public comments. Those and other knocks were typical of the handling endured by Kathleen Ruff, 36, during her evaluated six-year tenure as director of the B.C. Human Rights Commission. It must have been with some relief that she announced she is leaving her \$36,000-a-year provincial post to take over as host of CBC TV's *OnDemand* from the former Robert Cooper on Sept. 23. Lean and elegant with the slight lilt of a North English accent, Ruff, who has been accused of grandstanding in her advocate's role, survived a tight competition involving some 60 candidates across the country. She emphasizes, however, that she is no actress and sees the show as an extension of the up-with-the-diken human rights advocacy she practiced in B.C. Says the former newspaper worker: "You won't see me at many cocktail parties."



Ruff: Cooper wasn't an actor, either

It started in December, 1977, when combined investigators and undercover officers swooped down on several Vancouver broadcast outlets, seizing financial and advertising records. In late May of this year the raids were followed up with charges against virtually all the major private broadcasters in Vancouver (16 individuals and 50 companies), alleging that they got together to "prevent or lessen" competition in the sale of commercial broadcast time. Preliminary hearings have been set for December. The investigation apparently began two years ago in response to complaints by at least two small Vancouver ad agencies which, it seems, decided to blow the whistle on the entire industry. A broadcast company practice of securing cash deals from ad agencies before business is transacted is reported to be the crux of the government case. With several companies pooling (some say secretly, since it is a conspiracy trial) legal resources in Vancouver lawyer Ernest Alexander, the case could drag on for more than a year. "It is, frankly, says one station ad manager, "a pain in the ass."

Thomas Hopkins



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A tiger stalking sacred cows

By Hubert de Santarita

A tiger's art is not renowned for its delicacy. Pierre's Anna's wedding. A horse stands between the royal couple. All three are snuffing loudly, displaying enough irony to furnish a glass with a complete set of laws. And it is the horse that says, "I do!"

A departing Pierre Trudeau, having announced budget cuts in a pre-election sop for the business community, turns the knife on himself and kneels to confess his sins.

In the darkened grounds of Parliament Hill, Ottawa, a night security guard holds a flashlight up in the beam of his flashlight. Says the guard "Listen, buddy, some honorable members will manage to receive public screening to the floor."

"Cartooning is a populist art form. You're expressing the frustration of ordinary people," says Terry Mosher, alias Arnie, a stalling tiger of Canadian political cartooning. "Obviously there are a lot of people who think the same way I do, because somebody's paying me money to do it. On one page you're the ass again! Here's your cheque!" Mosher is convinced with laughter at the happy thought of being paid handsomely to do what he enjoys doing—drawing and quarantining politics and current events.

In his Montreal studio the stately cartoonist sits in an old-fashioned barber's chair beneath a poster commemorating the 15th anniversary of the Cuban revolution. Behind him a neon sign advertising Schlitz beer blinks on and off. The walls are hung with original cartoons drawn by himself and by colleagues in Canada and the U.S. With his shaggy, grey-flecked hair and beard, his dark, brooding eyes and eyebrows that run strikes across the bridge of his nose, his air of smoldering pugnacity,



Mosher in his barber's chair: a pen dipped in a mixture of acid and blood



Mosher could be mistaken for an aging general.

But Mosher's battles are fought with different weapons. His instruments of destruction are a razor-sharp tongue, a narrative wit, and a pen dipped in a mixture of acid and blood. The list of people who have become casualties of his lethal skills is a long and distinguished one, and includes members of the Royal Family as well as politicians. In 15 years of political cartooning, Mosher has emerged as one of the country's top practitioners of the art, and his work maintains a unique eyewitness record of a particular segment of history. He has received three prizes from the International Salon of Cartoonists, two Graphica Awards, and for two

years in a row (1977 and 1978) he has won the Canadian National Newspaper Award for drawing the best political cartoon.

He conceived and helped to produce a documentary film for the National Film Board on the history of political cartooning in Canada. The *Booklet* was completed in 1975, and has been telecast three times by the CBC. Mosher has spent seven years compiling (with co-author Peter Desbarats) a history of political cartooning in Canada, a symposium book scheduled for publication by MacMillan & Stewart in the fall. "Terry did an amazing job," says Dawson Macpherson, political columnist of the *Toronto Star*. "The book is important, very valuable and necessary. It seems to me that some of the responsibility he took on with the book rubbed off on him."

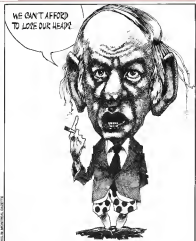
Working on the book has magnified in Mosher a profound respect for Canada's best political cartoonists. By his reckoning these are Dawson Macpherson of the *Toronto Star*, Len Norris and Roy Peterson of *The Vancouver Sun*, and Jean-Pierre Giesard of *Montréal's Le Presse*. "There are some damn fine cartoonists in Canada for some strange reason because we're pretty God damn bad at everything else," says Mosher. "I'll eat humble pie and say that. It's an honor to be considered among them." His warmest praise is reserved for the legendary Macpherson, whom Mosher calls "my professional godfather, in that not only is he the greatest political cartoonist we've produced in this country, but his dealings with editors, and his recognition of his own worth has

been a tremendous inspiration to me." Dawson Macpherson has a high regard for Mosher's talent. "He's a very good draftsman; he has a sense of the satirical, and an eye for the popular. Cartoonists are the key to any excellent political or satirical cartoon, and Terry is excellent at that number 3. He can articulate a face beautifully, and get across the meaning with an expression or an attitude." But Macpherson is also aware of imperfections in Mosher's work. "He tends to get very static in his compositions," he says, and remembers an exchange he had with Mosher. "I said, 'You can't draw anything from the neck down,' and he turned to me very quickly and said, 'You can't draw anything from the neck up.'" Macpherson is also critical of the overall design of Mosher's pieces. "The panel should be designed so it can emerge with a very good Japanese woodcut. It should be of visual interest without the detail interfering too much with the topic. Terry's not doing that now, but he will."

Mosher has a healthy distrust for editors. "Editors are almost a necessary evil because most cartoonists can't spell, and that's what editors are there for—to correct our spelling mistakes! Cartoonists deal with a visual medium and to most of them editors are damned word-marchants who don't think it is a visual way."

Christopher Terry Mosher was born in Ottawa in 1942. His father, Jack, is a journalist, and the author of a hilarious novel, *Some Wonderful Call It Another*. Terry grew up in Toronto during the heyday of Dawson Macpherson, when he was the manager of *The Canadian*. Mosher was booted out of high school for peddling pet in 1963. He put in brief stints at *Toronto's Central* and *The Ontario College of Art* ("my academic career was less than spectacular") before taking to the road. He hitch-hiked for two years in Canada, the U.S. and Mexico, covering an estimated 30,000 miles. "That was when I taught myself to draw," recalls Mosher. "My common trick was to wander into a bar or a restaurant and start sketching the people there. Somebody would become interested, and I'd be paid a dollar for a caricature or a portrait. I taught myself not only how to draw, but how to hustle."

He also introduced himself to a variety of drugs ("I took anything that was potent") and studied a number of philosophical cartoons day at that time. Mosher has on his back, yelling "Give me Librium or give me Meth" as a tiger from his away by his fist. The wild-living cartoonist got into a lot of fights, and there were times when his fists were as quick as his pen. Yet during those turbulent years he always managed to



trough within himself for the discipline which allowed him to get his work done. He never failed to meet a deadline, even when hanging over or spaced out. For the present he is on the wagon, and drinks

minimal water. He does not take drugs. He is grateful to his wife, Carol, for "hanging tough" through the unsettled years.

In 1955 Mosher entered L'École des Beaux-Arts in Québec City by forging a high-school certificate. "It was a magnificent piece of work, a masterpiece. Had I not become a cartoonist I would have become a professional forger." He graduated in 1964, and two years later began doing political cartoons. Initially he signed them with his daughter's name, it stuck, and Arnie has remained his pen name. He became staff cartoonist for *The Montreal Star* in 1969, and was also art director of *Take One* magazine. In 1970 he founded the *Last Post* magazine, and has remained an associate editor. Since 1972 he has been staff cartoonist of the *Montreal Gazette*.

Of his early work, Mosher says, "In quite a few cases I consider it almost insecure, because of the elaborate care I took with the drawings, and also the brutality in some of the drawings. Now I'm no longer half-as-kicked these char-



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acters. I consider them more as jokers than as evil beings. They are not sinister; they are incompetent.

"We've inflated our politicians—or perhaps they have inflated themselves through the media—into an area that is beyond the reach of the average person," says Mosher. "That's why I think the role of satire is important. It's a process of dragging them down where they belong with the rest of us." We certainly produce some pretty insane politicians in this country."

While on the subject of politicians, Mosher's thoughts turn naturally to Joe Clark. "The mind boggles at the spectacle of Joe Clark as prime minister of Canada. It's going to be great shooting for me and the rest of the cartoonists. Clark looks like a young Duffenbaker; the chin is gone already." Mosher's eyes glaze, and on his left hand, his drawing card, twitches like that of a ginsight before a draw. The day after Clark's election victory, Mosher portrayed Canada's new prime minister as an ungainly Howdy Doody puppet, controlled by unseen hands pulling on strings. Another cartoon shows a doofus Clark sitting round a grand piano, saying smugly, "They laughed."

"I'm not looking for the good side. I'm looking for the Achilles' heel," says Mosher blithely. The job of the press is to do the work I do in to point out the disease and not suggest a cure. If you suggest a cure then you become guilty of trying to be a prophet yourself."

But his misanthropic cynicism and he looks keenly at the changes in Western leadership. Jimmy Carter, Margaret Thatcher and Joe Clark leading the Western world? Mosher's body shivers with intense laughter, and his sporadic French jingle like gilded stick insects making noise.

Today Mosher draws with a snail's pace instead of a snail, and his rage is kept on a tight rein. But he can still reel sideways, with sarcasm. When Uganda's Archbishop Juma Luvum died in 1971 in an "airplane accident" which left his body riddled with bullets, Mosher drew a hovering Idi Amin breaking through on the archbishop's body. When John Spinks died, was crushed in the electric chair in Florida State Prison in May of this year, Mosher protested with a cartoon showing a skeletal, 1000-cubed figure of Death standing next to the electric chair and talking to a trendy interior designer.

And once through the latest Gilling has the capacity of people suspicion has on them, they find our technique and have environment unsatisfactory. So we thought that you might come up with a new satirical New Wave package. Or



perhaps something softer incorporating muted Pierre Cardin fabric patterns?

A cartoon like this demonstrates what Duncan Macpherson means when he says that Mosher "knows the jargon and vocabulary of his age, and uses it very well."

Mosher is often regarded as a left-wing radical, but he is a liberal who thinks of himself as apolitical, and born suspicious of nationalism. "I don't have this great pounding heart for my country. I'm not against it, but I just refuse to get on that God damn bandwagon. I find any form of nationalism suspect. I'm a great believer in the territorial imperative. I believe in that a hell of lot more than I do in the House of Commons." He has portrayed the Canadian Nationalist as a ridiculous figure wearing the Gey Cup on his head and carrying a volume of Leacock under his arm. And so for the Quebec Nationalist, he is shown as a snail contentment with his face pressed between his buttocks—"disappearing up his own ass" is how Mosher describes the difficult feat.

"Montreal is the ideal place to be a cartoonist," Mosher observes. "I used to do cartoons of Russians, sniveling men, and all my Parti Québécois friends said, 'That's fine.' But now that I do the same to Lévesque, they say, 'Wait a minute. This is the matter.' Well, bull-shit! He's in power. He's spending my money." Adds Mosher: "A politician with a quiet seldom has a sense of humor about himself. Lévesque is a classic illustration of this, and that's one reason why he's one of my favorite targets."

A 1977 Mosher cartoon shows Lévesque with his pants fallen about his ankles, saying solemnly, "I can't afford to lose my hands." (This is in the wake of the sudden loss of office by the then of the Sun Life insurance company.) The cartoon won the National Newspaper Award for that year. Ironically, Lévesque was the guest speaker at the awards dinner and, as he presented the award to Mosher, he indicated that his belt was firmly in place.

Mosher's critics have accused him of being xenophobic. It's true that he has poked Joey Smallwood in a towel bowl, like a preacher in a pulpit, and the late Nelson Rockefeller was once shown holding a map of toilet paper and declaring, "Of course I'm dead! I can afford it." In a pre-election cartoon in the *New Statesman*, British cartoonist Ralph Steadman drew the British voter as a lion roaring from the rear end of Margaret Thatcher, who was shown as a murky bitch in the act of strenuous defecation. There is nothing in Mosher's work remotely comparable to this for crudity and offensiveness.

Where does a cartoonist draw the line? In Canada, he does not have unlimited freedom, as was proved last winter when a B.C. court ruled that Victoria *Times* cartoonist Bob Bertram had libelled a politician. The ruling has Mosher worried, but he is reluctant to discuss the case while it is under appeal. "I'm not upset about the politician saying 'I don't think cartoonists are above the law. I question the fact that the judge was not interested in any previous examples of satire and parody

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CALIFORNIA COOPERAGE

and its role is a healthy society."

Expressing his ideas on paper comes more easily to Mosher now, and he spends an average of four hours on a cartoon, from rough to finished drawing; far less than in the old days, when he went in for intricate cross-hatching and minuscule detail. He prefers drawing large heads on small bodies. "In this age of television we spend hours looking at people's eyes and faces. The cartoon seems to have more impact the more you concentrate on the face. The secondary jokes are reserved for body movements and settings. Then comes the wording, the captions I love to pen."

Danduff breeds like bacteria around the heads of Mosher's characters. "Danduff is the great equalizer," he explains. "You see a drawing of a guy with little dots all around him and you can't help but see the guy as human, needy, suspect."

Mosher lives in a Westmount row house with his wife Carol, his two daughters, Abigail, 18, and Jessica, 16, and eight cats and a dog. His contract with The Gazette requires him to do three cartoons a week for 30 months of the year. The cartoon rejected by his editor eventually turned up in Mosher's collection, four of which have appeared so far. His published cartoons are syndicated to magazines and newspapers throughout Canada by the Toronto Star Syndicate. He also does five-days work for several major publications in America and Britain. Last year his income was \$80,000, but he adds quickly, "I don't have a dime. Money is something I make use of. I don't invest it."

It relaxes from the intense concentration of his work. Mosher reads widely ("I read more than I draw") fiction, plays on a harp, and watches baseball. He dreams of retiring to a cottage he has bought in the west of Ireland, a country far from which he has an irrational love, though not a drop of Irish blood flows in his veins. In Ireland, he is convinced, "My mind would not go blank. Guy Lalumière would no longer be a factor."

Isn't it a little early for him to be talking about retirement? "A political cartoonist has a life-span," the 36-year-old Mosher says quietly. "If I ever reach the position where I thought I was out of touch and was redrawing my old cartoons, then I'd want to quit, and I hope to God I do. A lot of cartoons stick around for too damned long." Duncan McSweeney, chief editor of Mosher's dog-eared from the arena just yet. Says McSweeney, "Darryl has made political cartooning his life's work, and we're going to hear from him for a long time." ♦

What do you think of the price of gas and oil in Canada?

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Breathing room at the top

By Amanda Touchie

The executive office, sought as the reward for long and able service in business and government, carries a well-publicized price tag—along with the success comes stress. When the cost becomes too intense, certain questions begin to clamor for answers in the minds of the well-paid executives, are I losing touch with the simple pleasures of life and my family? Where do I go from here? The answers are found through the layered alpha waves of transcranial medication for some March American executives. Others smash out their anxieties on the squash courts. But for a group of 10 businessmen recently, reports was a unique, nine-day wilderness stress seminar for senior executives, sponsored by the Banff School of Management.

They gathered in an isolated cabin in Banff National Park, 10 miles from the nearest road. They had paid \$1,000 and had walked no 9,000-foot pass to get there. The agenda read like a conversation of psychiatrists and yoga teachers but, in the primitive surroundings of the 50-year-old, log-built Skala Lodge, the men who gathered shared a common trait: they all had a problem with stress. So they had come to eat wheat germ breakfasts, wash in soy mountain streams, get used to outdoor, climb rock faces and spend hours each day in lectures such as "geology and the human perspective" and "man the adventurer." Course director Joe Nail and psychologist Larry Longfellow would take them on a mental journey while guides John Annett and Bill March would challenge their bodies. Each man would keep a journal.

Day 1 They shed their city suits in a Banff metal room and instructors took their watches, cigarettes, money and credit cards. Alan Gates, 42, president of Calgary's Alico Drilling Ltd., was shocked at the intensity of the situation. "I realize this isn't just a hike in the woods. I am frightened knowing my physical condition," he wrote. They began their first hike, stopping where the



light danced at the edge of a lake. Annett talked about "zero impact camping" and showed them how to stay warm. Bill March, 35-year-old president of Prestige Builders of Calgary, did not think about the office the first night, which later surprised him. His body ached, and he remembered about sitting in a soft chair. "Frankly, I was a basket case," he said afterward.

Day 2 The men climbed to the 4,000-foot-high Horseshoe Pass. Nail talked to them about immortality. One hour later they rappelled down the face of a mountain. Fred Culham found the rappel distressing. The 38-year-old president of Edmonton's Highland Development Ltd. found it hard to be dependent on the others. "All the accomplishments of power were gone. I was standing on the edge of a cliff. I didn't know if it would hold," he wrote.

Days 3 and 4 The group hiked, rock-climbed on short faces and talked about their lives and behavior over the past 15 years. The lectures were on the nature of mid-life transition and what the staff called "Type-A" behavior, expressed through materialism and overreliance on ambition.

Day 5 They climbed to a high camp at the base of Parmeque Mountain. The next day they would climb to the top. They made their beds in the snow and huddled together for warmth. Gates was having trouble with his knees. The instructors met to decide whether he

should climb. "When one is used to a position of power and authority in the business world, it is a very humbling experience to have the instructors go into a cabin to decide whether I should be allowed to attempt the ascent or not," wrote Gates. The verdict—he should climb.

Day 6 At 2:30 a.m. they started. For Gates, it was torture. He was chewing 200s, but halfway up had to stop. "I didn't want to slow the others. I sat so badly." At the top, the others haggard and shivered, and Brian Sawyer, Calgary's chief of police, later wrote in his journal: "I cannot recall having previously experienced such a sustained period of exhilaration." Twelve hours later they dragged themselves into Skala.

Longfellow played them a song about families, Carl's as the Cradle. *My son turned 15 just the other day, He and Charlie for the ball, Don't know it's play.* Can you think me to know? I said out loud.

I got a lot to do. He said, that's okay. Some of the men cried. One had's crossed town to see his 30-year-old father in more than a year.

Day 7 The men filled up on rib-sticking Knott Driest, their last meal for 24 hours. They were to "solo" in the wil-

derness as the climax of both their mental and physical journeys. Alan Davies was not lonely. "The solitude evoked calm," wrote the 39-year-old Weldonia who had just been promoted president of Connaught Labs Ltd. in Willowdale, Ontario. Milner wrote in his journal: "July 12—anniversary." Then he added the words "most content day." "It was truly an anniversary, my 27th in marriage and the first day of the rest of my life and a new direction," he remarked later.

Day 8 They emerged from their isolation and went through "solo debriefing." Milner felt he could have stayed longer. "I was free to do what I wanted, by myself, with no real time schedule to govern my thoughts or actions." For Cadman, "It was the first time completely alone that I can remember."

Day 9 The men packed their belongings and began the trek back to daily stress. The bus was waiting, but no one wanted to get on it. Again they haggard and some cried. Back in the motel they renamed their identities, just as their watches, put back their wallets and credit cards. They left for the city and the airport. For Milner, with his craggy exterior, the retreat changed his way of thinking. "I cried, laughed, hurt and



talked my way to the surface again." He is committed to stay there.

Cadman, the president of the group, had a choice: "to see what it is like 15 years down the road. I don't want to take that path." He says he has vowed to retreat a few days each year for the rest of his life.

For Davies the course was rejuvenating. He feels confident and assured of his goals. He would like to do it again in another 10 years. Gates didn't find anything new but he did make commit-

ment. He will try to keep those vows they could never repeat the experience, even though they found it useful. But the general opinion of the group is summed up in one journal entry which reads: "To my wife and children, your dad has been away from home for nine days. But he's been gone a long, long time. He's home now. Your dad's really come home." ☐

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Cost in space

Those with genuine talent, but who were rebuffed Canada Council grants, must have been informed when they read *Goiter: Ye Spaniards Where Ye May* (July 26), about Douglas Carren and his search for home-made spectacles. I say good luck to anyone who wants to pursue any project, as matter how many. But for God's sake, let's stop wallowing there, with the poor, beguiled taxpayer's money.

B. LEVIN THORNHILL, ONT.

Ultimately graves

Congratulations to Jane O'Hara on the cover story *Young Strangers* (July 30). The article was balanced and well written. Public education is the arena of suicide and suicide prevention is a great need which has only, recently begun to be confronted in Canada. It was mentioned that since the 1930s Canada's suicide rate among young persons has almost quadrupled. In Alberta alone, the rate for 15- to 19-year-olds has increased 125 per cent since 1953. The age group of 18 to 24 has become one of the highest risk age groups for suicide. And for each case there are many, people who are left wondering what they did, what they should have done and why it has to end that way. It is a tragedy and a waste. This is the Year of the Child. Engage your kids today.

DR. MARK BLOCHMAN
PSYCHIATRIC PSYCHOLOGIST,
ALBERTA HOSPITAL, EDMONTON, ALTA.

The inside story

Reverential rave explorers throughout our province read with interest Thomas Hupkins' article *Chowday Inside the Barn* (July 23). The spirit of



Cowling in B.C.: a legend's disappearance

eiving in Canada will owe its legitimacy to media interpretation of the activity. Hupkins' story serves to raise public consciousness about the value of our last true frontier and therefore about its protection.

PALL GRONFELT, PRESIDENT
BRITISH COLUMBIA SPELEOLOGICAL
FEDERATION, GOLDEN, B.C.

The senior service

In *A Woman's Place Is in the Jail* (July 30), you state that "women, for the first time, will be guards in an all-male maximum federal penitentiary in Canada." Knowing my service, I can understand your assuming this statement as fact. However, I was hired by the federal penitentiary service in March, 1978, and graduated from the correctional officer induction program at Edmonton

Staff College on May 12, 1978. I have subsequently been employed by the federal government penitentiary service and am currently on staff at a maximum security, all-male federal penitentiary in Saskatoon. My duties are exactly as those you state in the article.

SHARNA SULLIVAN, SASKATOON, SASK.

Doz among bucks

I would like to comment you on your excellent exposure on Blanche in *New Wave Goes Mainstream* (July 30). It's about time a decent review was done on these new and new artists. Deborah Harry's talent and enthusiasm are dynamic and David Livingston's ascension did justice to this lady's ability. She is one of few women who have made it in a male-dominated world of rock. Her success is filled with vitality and importance. Her lyrics reflect the superiority of New Wave compared with the likes of disco.

FRANK MARTIN, REDDALE, ONT.

Border patrol

I agree, in part, with Peter C. Newman's editorial *Why the Canada-U.S. Free-Trade Pact Could Garrote Our Dream of Nationalism* (July 30) is that free trade with the U.S. could lead to a loss of Canadian identity. However, in global terms, I believe that countries that participated in the current negotiations are working toward a more efficient stimulation of the world's natural resources. This will mean that rather than have manufacturers of a particular product in several countries, it will be reduced to two or three countries which have the necessary mix of labor, capital and raw materials to produce the finished product more efficiently. As Newman points out, the intensified free trade between Canada and the U.S. makes us more vulnerable to the establishment of a North American country. This makes the contribution that French Canada has to provide more important. If all Canada were to learn both French and English, this would provide insulation against assimilation by the United States.

BRUCE MACLELLAN, TORONTO

Full frontal crudity

It is probably necessary to cover subjects such as *The Cult of Horror* (July 16), but why on the cover? An article made can be read or passed over, but the offensive picture on the cover is there whether you are interested or not.

FLORIANE MAXFIELD, TIDES, MAN.

FAREWELL TO THE CHIEF

By Peter C. Newman

It was easy enough to admire his rugged and courteous his manner. But it was the stride and stance of the man—his lower posture—the brew of his laughter and the fire of his temperament, those were the qualities that made John Diefenbaker a politician apart. Like P.G. Wodehouse's fictional

Although he seldom stopped talking about himself, the essence of John Diefenbaker remained a mysterious mixture of vanity and charm, vulnerability and brawn, outrage and mischief. His single-handedly transformed Canadian politics into the country's leading spectator sport.

The dilemma of most Canadian politicians is how to stress the marginal differences between themselves and their rivals, so that they can conceal their basic similarities. Diefenbaker's problem was exactly the opposite: how to emphasize his similarities to his combative nature so that he would sound more like his electorate and less like individualistic contemporaries. Even in his declining years, he remained a political giant, walking on his knees in a land of rogues.

Most leaders find themselves in conflict with their times either because they remain reactionaries who try to correct the past or because they attempt to become visionaries and find their aim exceeds their grasp. Diefenbaker suffered the rare distinction of being both. His intellect was firmly frozen in another time, his heart was an age ago.

Dead last week at 83, he was born only four years after Sir John A. Macdonald's death, so that his life spanned Canada's modern history. He could draw on memories of times when Red River cities still reeked with the Buffalo trail and buffalo bones littered the Prairies. During a 1962 campaign stop at Melville, Saskatchewan, I suggested he be standing behind him as he asked a group of officers in what year they had come West. When the eldest replied, "April of 1962," a delighted Diefenbaker shut back "We need it again!"

No Canadian politician ever rose so steadily through a succession of defeats. He was usually beaten in five successive campaigns (including an abortive attempt in 1953 to become 26th of Prince Albert) before finally squeaking into the

House of Commons as a member of the Conservative Opposition in 1940. Always the outsider, even in his legal career, he seemed to thrive on rejection. After being beaten in a token run for the PC party leadership against George Drew in 1946, he wrote in his diary "On the night of Drew's victory, I went up to his wife in the Château Laurier. They were celebrating. I was an intruder. I walked into that gathering to congratulate him and it was as if an eternal not contentedly admitted to him. He had suddenly entered the place."

Driven by the compulsion of his self-imposed feeling, he became a street-warrior in the corridors of power. He was many things, but he was an endless source of sparkling sarcasm the country, but inside the Conservative party hierarchy he was dismissed as "the Bullshitter from the West." At the same time, the Liberals harassed him by redoubting his seat out of existence and even descended to the petty play of converting the house next to his Prime Arthur's home into a Junior Redoubt for several Indian mothers.

But Diefenbaker knew how to wait and he had a nose for power. In 1956 he held the podium by capturing the Tory leadership and the following year managed to win a minority mandate.

Reckless as a bundle of events that usurped a man's peace and pose, but Diefenbaker was a man who transformed himself into an incarnation of the Canada he knew. The cynics are full of people who imagine themselves to be Napoleon—or Jesus Christ—but Diefenbaker presented in his identification, becoming a personification of the national will for whom all things were possible. Transcending his "Vision" of Northern development, he went on a charismatic campaign that made him a household name. They cheered every time he raised his knuck. When he stood before the nation addressing a small, outdoor crowd at Port Hope, B.C., I saw some of his listeners deliberately clanking their umbrellas in Fredericton, a crush of smooching women held their children up to touch him. When Ed Morris, then a Conservative candidate in Halifax, was introducing the PC leader, he began by saying "My friends, what shall we say of this great man?" A voice from the back rows chimed out, "Dear John." Dear John? Morris bowed his head. "Yes," he intoned. "We may as well say, Dear John..." Two thousand men and



John George Diefenbaker
1895-1979

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women stood up to raise their approval. (Not everybody got his signals right. At a ceremony in West Vancouver's Park Royal, an Indian chief called Mathias Joe presented a walking stick to the PM with the tribute: "John Diefenbaker, you're the thunderbolt of our country.")

The election night Diefenbaker won 208 seats, wiping out the Liberals in six provinces. It was the largest mandate ever given a Canadian prime minister. Even if his French couldn't get him past a Berthiaume receptionist, Quebec accorded him 62 per cent of its votes—just one point behind true-blue Ontario.

In the golden months that followed, Diefenbaker acted less like a politician than a force of nature. During a Commons question period on July 2, 1958, when he was asked by Hazen Argue (then of the CCF) what his government intended to do about droughts in the Prairies, Diefenbaker mutter-of-factly replied: "Yesterday and also the day before when I was in Brandon, several localities received rain for the first time." A couple of Liberal backbenchers glared angrily. But to most members of Parliament it seemed only mildly ludicrous that this all-powerful leader could order water down from the sky.

He took office at the age of 61, too late to erase the habits of all these lonely years as a struggling defence attorney in the towsone country of northern Saskatchewan. His magnificent victory at the polls condemned him to a permanent sense of anti-climax, he interpreted the people's acclaim as adequate proof of his greatness and became interested with the trappings rather than the substance of his office. In a sense it was not power but the absence of power that had

corrupted him. He had spent 37 years in the political wilderness. Denied what he felt to be his rightful place for so long, all that awaited him, that concept, smothered up to dominate his every act.

His government initiated many enlightened measures, but as PM he remained preoccupied with settling old scores. No imagined sinners were small enough to claim his forgiveness. (One former member of his cabinet swore that Diefenbaker realized the member's loyalty was waning even before he himself had become aware of it.) He never absolved anyone from the slightest rebuff. On April 4, 1967, when the Liberals announced that they had named former Conservative House speaker Roland Michener to be Canada's 20th governor-general, Diefenbaker alone failed to applaud the appointment—presumably because Michener had ruled him out of order during a procedural wrangle eight years earlier.

Before he became prime minister, Diefenbaker had heard his party vilified so often for being too cautious that, once in power, he became incredibly free in popular rhetoric, which was his natural instinct. His conviction—born in Saskatchewan during the droughts of the '30s—that the economically underprivileged can help themselves only through collective political action found its expression in his concept of social justice, based on the irreducible notion that every Canadian has the right to equal quality of opportunity. During six years in office his administration spent almost as much money as all Canadian governments between Confederation and 1946 combined (including the cost of two world wars) in a wild jumble of programs designed to help develop the

North and to assist farmers, fishermen and other low-income groups.

Aloof as a son of generous impulses, Diefenbaker seldom understood the details of his own policies. In the 1965 campaign, for example, his party strategists worked out an elaborate scheme for allowing some urban house owners to defer municipal assessments from federal income tax. Diefenbaker tried vainly to explain what it was all about, until he gave up in Winnipeg by barely conceding he thought his plan "might be limited to home-scooped houses."

Instead of advancing any set of identifiable principles, he brand of policies turned out to be little more than a drawn-out sequence of morally played signs to combat imagined forces threatening his downfall. Whether his audience filed a tiny League hall in northern Saskatchewan or an auditorium at one of the 35 universities that granted him honorary degrees, he used every public occasion to hurl defiance at the ranchlike adjutants of Canadian society's great power bloc. He thus caught himself in his own trap of demanding to be believed for the enemies he had made.

He was at his best among his own people on the Prairies and campaigned on every conceivable occasion, whether there happened to be an election in the offing or not.

It was Diefenbaker's eyes that were his saving grace, acting as jovial monitors of his incoherent emotions, making the penmanship of his own performance. But at his ineffable rallies he would turn to his audiences like some medieval necromancer dispelling rhetorical fire. With an energy born of glowering, he would dance out his joy at the weakness of his political opponents. When he accused the Liberals of

"shedding tears of falsehood," his audiences knew exactly what he meant, and when he cautioned that his errors as prime minister were "mistakes of the heart," they rushed to forgive him.

His language was a splendid artifice, the words flashing like messages in the biblical cadence of Southern camp meetings, where the language of exhortation, graceless by choice, takes the place of logical discourse. "Jehs with me," he would plead, "Jehs with me to catch the vision of men and women who rise above these things that ordinarily hold you to the soil. Jehs with me to bring about the achievement of that Canada, yes Canada, the achievement of Canada's destiny!"

Like most self-made men, he worshipped his cross. During the Brantford, Ontario, rally that wound up his 1968 campaign, he declared once and for all just exactly how he obtained his best advice: "I ask myself, 'Is a thing right?' And if it is, I do it."

To identify was not only his audience but himself with the aspirations of the "average Canadian," Diefenbaker tried to ally his own past with every part of the country. That never sounded more preposterous than in a Halifax speech when he established his family contact with the Atlantic part by earnestly proclaiming: "Had it not been for the trade winds between here and Newfoundland, my great-great-grandfather would have been born in Halifax!"

But all that thunder had little to do with the art of governing the country, and gradually it became clear that Diefenbaker viewed legislation more as a posture than a process, his government never demonstrated any clear purpose except to retain power. His administration's final collapse in

At the University of Saskatchewan, he was a campus power as socialist editor of the student newspaper, a member of the student council, and, unsurprisingly, a star on the debating team. A member of the Officers' Training Corps, he was posted to Britain as a lieutenant after graduation and was knighted there in 1917. His military experiences remain obscure because his rarely discussed them, and steadfastly refused to wear his service ribbon.

1916



Despite five political losses, Diefenbaker ran in the 1940 general election and, in Galt territory, won by 280 votes. The party vote just 20 seats.

1940

1929

The Chief's mother, Mary, shows him with Dad just after he was made King's Counsel, was a busy woman of Scottish descent who insisted her son get a complete education. Once, when he wanted to drop out of high school and take a job in a bank, she all but carried him back into his classroom.



1956

Frustrated and exhausted after six years of leading the Liberals, Tory leader George Drew resigned. The party old guard passed Diefenbaker as Drew's replacement, but the amiable-faced cousin did their work and by the convention the Chief was able to win on the first ballot over Donald Fleming and David Fulton (above).

Soon after his party formed a minority government, the Chief was in London where he had a 30-minute private audience with the Queen and dined with the Churchills. Sir Winston was apathetic when a young Canadian PM decided a glass of Napoleon brandy.

1957



1963

By the autumn of 1962, weary powerful Tories had decided that Dief's indecisiveness had turned him into a liability. They shifted Opposition non-confidence motions which toppled his government the next year.

Agreed to disagree: the rich and the rich square off

1966 (with 17 ministers leaving through various exits during his last 10 months) was like the ruin of some great pagan-masochist temple built for a Hollywood spectacular where the rats come down and wash the whole Trudeau mess into the sea. By the time Diefenbaker had lost his last election as leader in 1966, his once-great Conservative party had been killed into a reality of the discredited and the displaced, with only one Terry serving in the 50 constituencies of Canada's three largest cities.

Pettiness in a process of elimination. But John Diefenbaker refused to be eliminated. For him, simply still being there provided some kind of crumb proof of his self-as-potential.

In the last decade of his life he moved out into a private world, becoming a signpost of his own imagination, the starved topography of his face illuminating the nation's TV screens as he gloomed about whatever was happening at the time. But occasionally the humor still bubbled up, such as the joke he would tell his Prince Albert cronies, about Pierre Trudeau's swimming pool: "He's a great swimmer, a great athlete. But just after construction finished he got stuck on some of the underwater furniture. Standing alongside, looking down at him, was a chap with a sign of identification on his hat. Trudeau finally got out and said, 'Aren't you the life-guard here? Why didn't you help me?' He replied, 'I can't swim.' Trudeau then asked him, 'How the grudge do you get the appointment?' He said, 'I want you to understand I'm bilingual.'"

Diefenbaker's partisan fevers never subsided. In the fall of 1971, he was suddenly taken ill during a visit to Wales and

Trudeau extended the courtesy of sending a government jet to bring him home. The ex-prime minister was loaded aboard on a stretcher, but during the journey the attending doctor filled him with six pints of blood and enough man pills so that by the time the plane landed in Ottawa he was able to stride down the ramp. He immediately called a press conference to attack the Liberals' overbearing habit—especially their petulance as of government-planned private trips.

Through John Diefenbaker's long career and longer lifetime it was always possible to admire the man's instincts without respecting his performance. He was the most primitive of participants, but he shattered the technocratic of Canadian political traditions: the idea that the Conservative party was an instrument of Toronto's Bay Street, the long-accepted convention that political leaders in this country should talk glib and act neutral, the very notion that prime ministers must lick the velvet hand of the Canadian establishment.

When a great man dies, some promise of a country's life is buried with him. That sentiment was most dramatically caught in the truest objection haughtily delivered over French national television in 1970 by Prime Minister Georges Pompidou: "General de Gaulle is dead. France is a widow."

Canada may not be a widow, but we are no less bereaved. John George Diefenbaker's passing begs to be taken over as a symbol, both an event. We mourn his death as we might grieve for the loss of our own youth, for a way we were and can never be again. □



1967

Robert Stanfield took over and Diefenbaker insisted to rule the, Ove (who disallows press ego)



1966

Party disagreements with Diefenbaker resulted in a bitter election in Ottawa that resulted in his leadership role. One of the main architects of his downfall was Gellie Gair, shown above right outpacing the Chief's assistant. Last week Gair said "He was an adversary of admirable merit and I shall miss him."

Last Thursday the Chief rose at 5 a.m. and went for a walk. He returned to his study, where he died as he had largely lived—working on the business of Parliament. It was a quiet and right end for one who so devotedly viewed to his known as a man of the House of Commons. His body lay in state in the Hall of Honor and was visited by Joe Clark and Maurice McTear, among thousands of others, before being borne westward for burial.

1979



1979

question in the presence of journalists) described his energy state this way: "I have nothing in mind—except to kill Bill Davis." Manitoba's Sterling Lyon was more sanguine: "I think Frank Davis must be having an election." That explanation for Davis' anti-Alberta posturing was shared by many politicians present: the Ontario Conservative leader heads a minority government and could engineer a legislative defeat and provincial election this fall. And past elections in Quebec, British Columbia and, most recently, Newfoundland.

Curiously, despite a Quebec referendum on sovereignty-association set for next spring, the premiers spent little time on the issue of constitutional revision. The English-speaking premiers did warn Lévesque during breakfast Friday that they would not negotiate



Lévesque, Clark and Loughheed. Corinne may well wonder if English leaders can help

have demonstrated that these provincial rights themes are electorally profitable. (Another straw in the Ontario election wind was a report from sources at Queen's Park that Davis would shake his cabinet this week—extending the high-profile energy portfolio for himself.)

By Friday it was clear that—even with Progressive Conservative governments in Ontario and seven provinces, regional antagonisms are more compelling than party affinities. The premiers aggravated country-capping disputes rather than reaching compromises that would not threaten support of provincial chairmen back home. Newfoundland and Quebec, for example,

opened dialogue on the urgency needed harnessing of rivers running through Quebec and Labrador by declaring that neither was ready to compromise on its essential difference. Newfoundland Premier Brian Peckford was in no mood to honor Quebec's traditional reluctance to accept Gen. Britain's 1927 traces of the Labrador boundary. "I'm irritated that we have a border that's recognized by everyone except the neighbor who shares it." Really closed to change was Quebec, which firmly maintained its refusal to pay Newfoundland more for power from Churchill Falls or to permit the transmission of Labrador electricity across Quebec territory to the Atlantic Provinces.

Curiously, despite a Quebec referendum on sovereignty-association set for next spring, the premiers spent little time on the issue of constitutional revision. The English-speaking premiers did warn Lévesque during breakfast Friday that they would not negotiate

his scheme as matter what the referendum result. But they said nothing to convince Quebecers that the rest of the country is willing to make a continuing Canada more attractive to Quebecers than their province's independence.

The confederate's most anxious slight was "Agreement to disagree" and the politicians' inability to produce anything daring was embarrassingly evident in their passively worded final statements. The official communiqué on energy, for example, opened with the

"However, the Newfoundland assembly last July made a statement that it is open to all conditions under which the province and Ontario would jointly develop the Churchill Falls scheme on the basis of the Churchill Falls of current 500,000 kilowatts per second. The use of the full 100,000 kilowatts per second would be a matter of cost and a subject for separate agreement. The province and Ontario would be in a position to pay a cost of 100,000 kilowatts per second to a cost of 100,000 kilowatts per second."

country's mutual recognition that the 1972 increase in oil prices marked the beginning of a hairchange in the world energy picture. Apart from acceptance of that year-on-old news, the leaders of the country's 18 provinces had been their inability to understand each other. So Prime Minister Trudeau's privately expressed decision to bolster his social confidence by learning English may not make next year's premier's meet in Hamilton any more so preferable to her.

Ottawa

60,000 throats for the Slasher

It was more in sorrow than anger that Michael Pfeiffer, confidant of Pierre Trudeau found in June by Eric Clark as chief of the cabinet office, last week quietly packed up the family belongings for a move into a farm of exile in Cambridge, Massachusetts, as a Harvard professor. And it was entirely coincidental that a longtime opponent of Pfeiffer's was Treasury Board President Slasher (Slasher) Brown simultaneously unveiled plans for cuts in the civil service.

The announcement, uttered with Dickinson fervor, was inspired largely by the political imperative of delivering as a prominent Conservative campaign promise, namely the elimination of 60,000 jobs over three years. Stevens has actually given himself 3½ years, until the end of the fiscal year in March, 1983, and has expanded the pruning ground beyond the 306,906 departmental employees under his direct control to the larger work force of 300,000 in Crown corporations and independent agencies.

Most-as style, Brown ordered all departments to eliminate 35,000 jobs by 1983. Crown corporations such as the CBC and Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd., over which Stevens has no direct control, have been asked to offerease another 5,000 positions. The remaining 20,000 cuts, in contrast to the Conservatives' original proposal, are to come from sifting off some of the 400 Crown corporations to the private sector. Among the candidates under consideration are the Canadian Film Development Corporation under Secretary of State in one proposal and to sell off some of other operations (a quarter of Air Canada's shares may be put up for sale to Canadian investors).

The biggest dilemma, which preoccupied Clark and a muddled ministry last week, was Petro-Canada, the state-run oil company, about which Clark declared last Jan. 8. "We're going to move Petro-Canada into the private sector." Last week no less an authority than Ontario's RPT Davis told Clark that was a bad idea, so cabinet is now scrambling for a compromise that honors the campaign pledge yet satisfies growing support for Petro-Canada. One option under review is selling off some of Petro-Canada's commercial holdings, such as its 30.1-per cent stake in Western Transco, while preserving its role in risky frontier exploration and oil purchases abroad.

The government also has put into motion a system of winnowing programs that are regarded as unnecessary or that duplicate services in the provinces, such as consumer protection. Next week in Jasper, Alberta, one of the main cabinet agenda items will be to assign spending efforts, known as "imbalances," to nine program areas overlaid.



Stevens: a certain Dickinson fever

seen by senior ministers. The inevitable elimination of programs in the government's indirect submission that states—yet replacing the 36,000 jobs have voluntarily each year—can't be the only way to cut back the size of government. The flaw is that the best and the brightest often leave voluntarily before the deadline.

Given the lack of specifics to date, critics were understandably dubious about the true extent of savings, which Stevens estimated at \$1 billion a year

Canada's work force in Montreal, for example, has boomed from 1,400, when the government took over the struggling aircraft manufacturer in 1976, to 3,700, mostly because of the success of a new small jet, the Challenger. As Liberal Opposition critic Jean-Robert Gauthier noted last week, the elimination of profitable companies "will serve to reduce government revenues rather than costs." New Democrats and the 175,000-member Public Service Alliance of Canada, the third largest union in the country, also charged that "Stevens' will reduce service to the public, not President Andy Sheppard argued that thousands of jobs—from meat inspection to taxation audits of corporations—are staffed automatically by regulation and that two-per cent cuts in all departments are bound to "diminish the present levels of safety, health and welfare provided by federal public service employees." STE social policy critic RPT Blakie submitted that environmental managers will simply shift, not back out into the regions with the re-



sult that "those who work with people rather than paper lose their jobs." For his part, Stevens vowed to retain essential services and existing rates for minorities, women, native people and the handicapped.

The skepticism is understandable. A decade ago, Pierre Trudeau vowed to cut 25,000 jobs but his administration actually added roughly 100,000 workers. Stevens is addressed by the prospects "I wouldn't say this is a far," he observed in a conversation. "But I find it satisfying, because I think it is needed."

Robert Lewis



Quebec

Meanwhile, back at the ranch . . .

Rarely Levesque's antagonists know the quickest way to rouse the premier's formidable indignation is to compare an independent Quebec with unstable Third World regimes. Yet last week his government and party were rent by a foul writhing of the thicket postcolonial regimes, whose leaders risk returning to a coup d'état each time they leave home.

The cabal began in late July while Levesque was off in South Yarmouth, Massachusetts, playing tennis, strolling the Cape Cod sands with his wife, Colette, and spacing his expatriation with mouthfuls of lobster and clam. Left to their own devices back home, three of his most powerful ministers cooked up a scheme to save the Parti Québécois from another embarrassing defeat in three imminent by-elections and, at the same time, add a bit more old-time separation to the 10½ years-old seceding crusade. The three—Finance Minister Jacques Parizeau, Economic Development Minister Bernard Landry and Environment Minister Marcel Lévesque—are all more uncompromising than their leader in their commitment to independence.

So, desperately looking for a candidate who could break the party's string of these by-election defeats since taking power in 1976, they wooed well-known, move-living Pierre Bourque, whose

Rassemblement pour l'Indépendance Nationale (RIN) posed the 1976 founding in 1980. Bourque is perhaps the only Quebec political figure who could now Levesque himself in an official capacity, but he attracts a growing number of 19 members frustrated by the premier's ambiguous stance for "sovereignty-association" and the failure of his government's moderate image to win any converts to the cause.

The appeal to Bourque—while Levesque was out of the country and away from a brazen attempt to straiten the government's pro-independence posture and introduce a can-

Bourque's departure was against the odds, 1984, and (above) with Levesque. 1979's tension attempt to slash the PQ office



tributance to the wishy-washiness of Levesque and his trusted intergovernmental affairs minister, Claude Martin. Though no one would publicly utter such disparagingly, Bourque's return to active politics from his writing and teaching career at the Université de Québec (Montreal) would also mean the 1976's weakening of an eventual leadership rival to Levesque, particularly should the premier's self-official reform strategy fail.

When Levesque learned of the Bourque draft, he telephoned the 45-year-old firebrand in Monty Bourque, the promise of a cabinet seat. Bourque then publicly refused from seeking the 1976 nomination in Montreal's Private riding, where Liberal candidate and former national secretary Pauline Gagnon-Chaput-Belland has excellent chances of winning the seat. But home, tested but hardly relaxed, Levesque announced the three by-elections would be pushed back from September to November, ostensibly because of problems in preparing voters lists. The delay would also give the 1976 badly needed time to come up with a candidate to Levesque's liking.

That should have ended the matter. But in an outrageous exhibition of insubordination, the 1976's Montreal regional chairman, Marc Lalonde, publicly rebuked the premier for discouraging Bourque's candidacy and party backbencher Guy Bouthin pleaded with Bourque to reconsider and seek election once again against the evident wishes of Levesque. Sure, with the Levesque-Bourque clash having provoked as open party feud, Levesque's holding remark to a Cape Cod reporter seems ironically prophetic: "If you start replacing the office, it means you're indispensable—which you're not." David Thomas



World

Recovering from Young's last gaffe

By Ian Urquhart

His verbal misdeeds were legion. Among other things, he once declared that the Ayatollah Khomeini would one day be regarded as a saint, and he shocked his nation by stating there were "hundreds, perhaps thousands" of political prisoners in U.S. jails. But when Andrew Young, the 61-year-old U.S. ambassador to the United Nations, met secretly with a representative of the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO)—and then tried to cover it up—he had gone too far.

Young's ensuing resignation last week had major political consequences in the U.S. where leaders of the nation's 85 million blacks murmured his departure, seeing him as a full pay for President Jimmy Carter in the face of Jewish pressure. But it was on the international stage that the event had the most significance. News of the covert meeting sparked the latest squabble in a diplomatic row between the U.S. and Israel that could have profound implications for peace in the Middle East.

The furor, which last week saw Israeli Deputy Prime Minister Yigael Yadin in the U.S. and top U.S. Zionist negotiator Robert Strauss in Jerusalem on pressuring missions, has been mounting for some time. There is growing concern in Israel that its old ally, the U.S., is drifting toward its arch-enemy, the PLO, in the Middle East negotiations. Those fears were first provoked in early July when Saudi Arabia increased

its oil exports to help ease shortages in the U.S., a move the Carter administration insisted was not linked to any American concession to the PLO. But the Israelis were skeptical and their worries increased when the United States began stepping up arms sales to Arab countries.

The Israelis are also concerned about the proposed United Nations resolution that would recognize the Palestinians' right to their own country, presumably incorporating the Israeli-held West Bank and Gaza Strip. U.S. officials have said they would veto any such resolution if it comes before the UN Security Council but, in a late July dinner with journalists at the White House, Carter raised Israeli doubts about the U.S. commitment when he reportedly linked the PLO cause to America's own civil-rights movement.

That story prompted Vice-President Walter Mondale to reaffirm a four-year-old U.S. commitment—made by former

Secretary of State Henry Kissinger—not to talk to the PLO unless it explicitly recognized Israel's right to exist.

Unknown to Mondale (although the Israelis were apparently aware of it), a week before he spoke, Andrew Young had met with Golda Meir, the PLO observer at the UN. When this information was leaked to *Newsweek*, possibly by the Israeli, Young tried to fudge the story by saying he had "dropped by" the home of the Israeli ambassador to the UN. Young said he left after a brief exchange of "social greetings." A few days later, Young admitted that the meeting with Meir had actually been prearranged to discuss the proposed UN resolution on Palestine. Young wanted debate of the resolution postponed (it was, from July 31 to Aug. 20) to give the U.S. time to work out a compromise that might be acceptable to both Israel and the PLO.

At the time of the Young-Meir meeting, a compromise seemed possible. PLO chief Yasser Arafat was sounding conciliatory and the Israeli cabinet, badly divided over domestic issues, was in a weak position to argue that new a compromise appears out of reach.

The Israelis, appalled at what they view as a breach of trust by a senior U.S. official, were not at all mollified by Young's resignation and have served notice that pursuit of a new UN resolution recognizing Palestinian rights would wreck their fragile treaty with Egypt. The Palestinians, disgusted by what they see as American backsliding to Israel, have announced they will stick to a hard line and reject any resolution that does not explicitly recognize their right to an independent state.

In Jerusalem at week's end, Strauss tried desperately to gain the U.S. some room to maneuver. He assured Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin that the U.S. would veto the amendment to the UN resolution due to be introduced this week. But when he sounded out Begin on the chances of substituting a

Begin (left) meets a Strauss (right).
They've met with negative results.



Montego White Rum and cola.
RRRHUMBA!

U.S. resolution more palatable to the Israelis, he got nowhere. Said Strauss after the meeting: "I have met with negative results."

So it appears that the Carter administration has failed in its bid to get the PLO into the Middle East. But without PLO representation the U.S. faces Saudi Arabian oil embargo. As Yasser Arafat observed wryly: "I have very few cards. But I have the strongest cards."

Zimbabwe Rhodesia

Public posturing and private hopes

In Salisbury it had been a week of heated debate within government circles, angry editorials in newspapers and charges of "betrayal" by both whites and blacks. But in the end there was really no other choice. Last Wednesday, the Zimbabwe Rhodesian government quietly announced it would accept Britain's invitation to attend a constitutional conference in London next month. For the estranged African nation, it may be the last chance to end peacefully the bitter seven-year guerrilla war that has sapped the country's vitality—and to regain world recognition.

Still, it was not surprising that the initial reaction in Zimbabwe Rhodesia was mixed. Over the past 14 years countless efforts to solve the country's constitutional dilemma—how to give blacks mass power while satisfying white minorities—have invariably failed. Consequently, a pronounced sense of déjà vu pervades the latest British peace plan, endorsed at the recent Commonwealth conference in Lusaka, which calls for new elections and amendments to the constitution.

The government of Prime Minister Bishop Abel Muzorewa said it would accept only if there were no preconditions, implying it did not see Britain's 11 new constitutional proposals (most significantly, these would reduce the entrenched parliamentary powers of the white minority as well as giving their control of the security forces to the prime minister). And Patriotic Front guerrilla leaders weren't making the prospects any brighter. Robert Mugabe said he would not participate until his guerrilla forces were accepted as the new army of Zimbabwe Rhodesia. And Joshua Nkomo's spokesman said doubts on several elements of the Commonwealth plan, including Britain's ability to supervise new elections.

But underneath all the posturing



Muzorewa and refugees camp in Zimbabwe. A contested sharing of alliances

there was surprisingly widespread acceptance of the new peace effort. In part, it was a matter of necessity. Muzorewa's 13-year-old impasse government was struggling to control the reins of power while fumbling with the problems of war, sanctions and nagging national morale. And the Patriotic Front leaders were in a corner since three津巴布韦 states on whom banking they depended—Tanzania, Zambia and Botswana—had duly endorsed the proposals.

Both authorities and residents in Zimbabwe Rhodesia believe that ultimately the Commonwealth commitment amounted to a no-trick, a means of gaining support for a decision Britain had already made on lifting sanctions and on recognition. Officials believe the British have, in effect, massaged the Patriotic Front into taking while fully expecting them to back again at any terms that fall short of giving them full control.

According to that scenario, the British would then be free to proceed with new elections and recognize the results. Without Patriotic Front participation, the legacy would probably win again. As well, he could not be held responsible for any breakdown because he has already indicated, in private, his willingness to negotiate a new election as well as changes in the constitution.

In other words, as portrayed in Zimbabwe Rhodesia, the moderate can't lose. To them, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher has pulled off a well-calculated shuffling of alliances that will, in the end, give creditability to her original intentions.

But many observers believe the black-dominated government has not adequately considered the key issue of the talks: control of the army and police. White control of the security forces is considered crucial to maintaining the morale of whites—who make up just under four per cent of the population but are still essential to the fledgling economy. It also could be significant in the event of a possible civil war between tribal factions.

There is no question, however, that both Muzorewa and the Patriotic Front are under unprecedented pressure to come to terms, with black Africa and the Western world united for the first time on what has to be done and, more importantly, how to do it. There is also a sense of momentum evoked by the Commonwealth conference, almost an excitement that, this time perhaps, a real settlement leading to a ceasefire and the installation of an undisputed minority-rule government will be achieved. But past experience has led many Zimbabwe Rhodesians to advise each other: don't hold your breath.

Robin Wright



U.S.A.

Nightstick justice in Rizzo's town

By William Lowther

When big Frank Rizzo was first elected mayor of Philadelphia eight years ago, he boasted: "I'm gonna be so tough, I'm gonna make Africa the Hun look like a faggot." No one can say that he hasn't tried. But last week it seemed his perseverance may have caught up with him. The federal department of justice filed an unprecedented civil suit charging the city, the mayor and 19 other top officials with conducting systematic police brutality. The suit could cost the city millions of dollars in government and unions sweeping police department reforms are initiated. But if Washington thought it could scare Rizzo into repentance, it was wrong. The mayor has come back as indignant as ever, regretting nothing and denying everything.

However, the evidence unearthed in an eight-month inquiry is voluminous. It suggests that for nearly a decade, Rizzo and his henchmen cops have run Philadelphia in Wild West style. For instance, one spring evening about two years ago a young black man drove his car through a spotlight in the downtown area. Twenty witnesses watched as a squad of about 10 officers surrounded the car. They broke windows on his head and shoulders. Brutality complaints poured into the police department. But a few days later, when

Rizzo was personally challenged about the occurrence, he replied: "It's very easy to break some of these nightsticks nowaday."

The Philadelphia police force, the na-

Mayor Rizzo and (below) Africa's beating on fire. As civil processes he'd his tough



tion's fourth largest, has 10,000 officers. The justice department has not threatened instances of alleged cruelty but points out that, on average, 70 persons are shot each year by the police and there are more than 1,100 complaints annually. Since Rizzo has been mayor, police department statistics show that more than 150 civilians have been killed by policemen.

Whites and civil rights agencies claim that Rizzo has given his police a free hand to beat up criminals and suspected criminals with impunity—especially if they happen to be black or Hispanic and especially if the crime involved is rape or child abuse.

"Too right say that we've got some instant justice," one detective said last week. He added: "Under the present legal system, one half of a lot of these guys who are guilty of rape or murder or child abuse or beating up women, that kind of thing, get off. We know they're guilty and we have to watch 'em walk free. Well, the difference between Philly and some other places is that the mayor knows the score." In fact, before becoming mayor, Rizzo, 56, was police commissioner for four years after being a member of the city force for 24 years.

The brutality stories are legion. Just some better documented than the case of Delbert Africa. Africa was a member of a weird black radical group called MOVE which took over a house in the city and refused to move out. They used to feed rats in the house and shoot obnoxious dogs. Well, the difference between the police laid siege to the house to force the group out. In the melee that followed, a police officer was killed and 18 other people injured. Police cleared all journalists from the area before the fight began, but one cameraman had been beaten down and photographed the event. Toward the end of it, Delbert Africa came out of the house with his hands raised in surrender. Four policemen immediately set on him and beat him.

The policemen later said that Africa had left the house with a gun in one hand and an ammunition clip in the other and that they had to attack to stop him shooting at them. They did not know, however, that the whole affair was an film and earlier this month after the case—three officers were charged with beating Africa (although they have not been suspended from duty).

The justice department has indicated that if Rizzo is prepared to institute a new order and system whereby all complaints against the police will be properly checked and guilty officers recommended in an appropriate way, it will drop the suit. But the mayor, whose term of office ends in four months—he is not eligible for re-election—is ready

to do nothing. He says the suit is politically motivated by President Jimmy Carter to gain the support of black voters.

To back up its demands for change, the federal government can not only go to court but can cut off federal funds to Philadelphia on the grounds that the city is not affording citizens their constitutional rights. Threatened immediately is a \$4 million grant from the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration. Says Sims, whose city bills itself as the city of brotherly love: "I'm ready to tell them to take it and stick it."

Alabama

Donning robes, fanning flames

It has been a hectic summer for the Ku Klux Klan. It was delighted last week after 177 cheating members—“What do we want? White Power. What are we gonna get it? Now!”—were arrested and trucked off to jail in Montgomery, Alabama. Their arrest meant another, the biggest in Klan history, would have served their cause better, since it gave them the headline they wanted.

The arrests climaxed an attempt by Klan members to parade through Montgomery's streets at the end of a fan-dance, all-white recruitment of the 1960 Selma-to-Montgomery civil rights march by the late Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. That march ended in violence with police attacking the demonstrators, but Klansmen had no desire for a similar melee. With no television, they handed police a glowing arsenal of rifles, handguns, knives and skin-burning chemicals before being led off.

This is the so-called “new Klan,” which is seeking respectability by



Klansmen in the heat of the night

avoiding clashes with the police, but which has also become much bolder in its attempts to intimidate blacks. The department of justice reports that in the past 11 months there have been 22 racial incidents involving the Klan in the U.S., compared to 16 in the same period a year earlier. Typical was the incident earlier this month when the home of a black couple who had just moved into a predominantly white section of Birmingham, Ala., was set afire. KKK had been pointed to the house.

The Atlanta office of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, an organization that closely monitors extremist groups, estimates that total Klan membership is now about 18,000—less than a fifth of estimated membership in the early 1960s but more than twice the estimated figure of only five years ago. Many new members are women and new youth chapters have sprung up across the U.S.

Imperial Wizard Bill Wilkinson, of Durham Springs, Louisiana, asked why his group (one of three major Klan or-

ganizations) has gained in membership, said without hesitation: “Affirmative action programs. The Weber decision by the Supreme Court that does more to make a race war possible in this country than anything the Klan has done.”

The “Weber decision” refers to the case involving Brian Weber, a 32-year-old white employee who challenged in the Supreme Court a voluntary company job training program that gives preference to blacks. By a vote of 5 to 4 the court held that affirmative action programs are legal. Now, some civil rights leaders in the South see the issue as potentially more threatening to racial peace than the key civil rights issues of the 1960s—school integration, for example—because affirmative action directly affects jobs, pay and status in the community. At the same time, however, with nonblack status, the blacks are more reluctant than they used to be and the likelihood of escalating racial violence is great.

As Charles W. Weinstein, legal counsel for B'nai B'rith in Atlanta, put it: “There is a trade in place that a spark can ignite.”

William Lowther

gan in the U.S. Navy has led Pentagon security experts gazing.

According to an ex-affiliated Red buster, Medson was arrested last week. The facts were remarkably easy. Medson worked as a security guard for the Strategic Warning Staff, a Pentagon office that monitors the use of “insidious media” actions against the United States and its allies. The facts might have gone unnoticed except that Medson affected none of his claims to his roommate, Richard Hottle. The self-styled Medson with a hidden photographic eye came back with eight photographs, six identified by Hottle.

He had no idea how easy it was to infiltrate the Pentagon until they sent undercover agent William Gering going as a drug smuggler. To see Medson. The unsuspecting person bragged that he

could get Chapman into the Pentagon without a hitch—and he did. Medson signed for in under an assumed name and then they wandered through the sensitive area heavily disguised (going up the “Tetlet”) document he saw a paper bearing the U.S.S.R. release. Paul Bennett, tobacco list, Medson stuffed it under his seat and into his pants and the pair walked out.

The government doesn't think Medson said any reports to foreign agents. According to his roommate, Virginia, roommate, he was a short-time spy who just wanted money to buy “things.” But the Pentagon has been trying to find out if security was a result. It isn't easy, probably Carl Peabody, the man in charge of a recently launched probe into Pentagon security.

“But we are trying to see if things need to be improved.”

Patrick Bourgeois

Business

A Roman bearing gifts

By Anthony Whittingham

People in the dairy cattle industry must be scratching their heads this month and wondering where in tarnation he finds the time. Surely Stephen Roman has enough on his hands, what with the big cattle sale next week at Remondale Farms, just north of Toronto, without running off to Denver, Colorado, to look at oil wells. And there's the money: why would a man who stands to make at least \$1 million selling one of the best Holstein herds in the country want to turn around and borrow hundreds of millions of dollars—yes, hundreds—to buy more oil company shares his hated hands don't even know what's to happen once the cattle are sold?

Stephen Roman does like to keep people guessing. He's a man well-known for wearing his politics and his religion like an open license, but when it comes to his business dealings he moves like an oil through fast water. As president of Remondale Farms, he already had dairy farmers at home with speculation when he donned his other hat last week—as chairman, president and principal shareholder of Toronto's Denison Mines Ltd.—and got the investment community blinking in their seats by announcing what may be the largest private energy buy in Canadian history.

If Denison Mines succeeds in its plan—the acquisition of Denver-based Reserve Oil & Gas Ltd., including its oil-rich Canadian subsidiary in Calgary, Canadian Reserve Oil & Gas Co. for \$125 million, U.S.—Denison will nearly triple its size overnight and become what some analysts are describing as potentially the most dynamic energy company in the country. Denison, now famous as Canada's largest supplier of gasoline from its Elk Lake mine near Sudbury, Ontario, will then be home to a major force in the Canadian oil and gas industry as well.

Just how long the company has been eyeing Reserve Oil as a potential takeover target is one of Roman's many closely held secrets. He acknowledges that the two corporations began discussing the deal “in earnest” about two months ago at the advice of Denison's consultants. The fact that Reserve's directors seem to have welcomed Denison's approaches with open arms must in itself be hardly much for Roman. While never breaking away from a scrip,

he suffered a sharp rebuff a year ago from Prospect Minerals Co., a New York company which on opposed Denison's predatory snuffing around that it fattened Denison's corporate wallet by nearly \$50 million (U.S.) to buy back a 30-per-cent interest in its own stock—which Denison had acquired, appar-

overtures to purchase another uranium property last year, most observers say Roman has had his real sights set on all all the time, and that the Reserve had proven it.

“This is all very well,” mutters Gordon Ball, broker with the Toronto investment consulting firm of MacDow-



Roman is in Toronto's office, probably Canada's most dynamic energy company

estly, as a prelude to a take-over bid that was never made.

Roman likes to boast about Denison's existing services into the oil and gas field—usually joint-venture operations in Greece and Spain—but it's no secret that he has had the future of the company pegged for some time on expansion within North America. It appears to him that its greatest assets are growth, stability, empire, power. “I am pleased,” he told investors, “to be getting a Canadian company to reach abroad, creating a multinational energy corporation domiciled in Canada.”

No one in the energy industry today doubts Denison's need to expand and diversify. Though still the cornerstone of its entire existence, and a reliable every train for years to come, Denison's uranium interests are now concentrated to Ontario Hydro, along with foreign customers Japan and Spain, for the next 30 years. The Ontario commitment alone is expected to give Denison a profit of nearly \$1 billion over the life of the contract. Though Denison made

gall, MacDowall and MacTier, and meantime continued to Roman at Denison.

“However, it remains to be seen whether the deal will ever actually go through.” While there's general speculation among industry observers over Denison's move to acquire Reserve, there's an equal measure of skepticism and doubt. “We just guess some analysis in the price tag, \$275.0 (U.S.) a share, which they feel will do little more than flush out a raft of other suitors prepared to offer more. The total cost to Denison would be more than \$600 million (Canadian)—making it the third largest take-over in recent Canadian history, exceeded only by the Thomson family purchase of the Hudson's Bay Co. and Petrolina's acquisition of Pacific Petroleum Ltd. Admittedly, it is a huge sum, but, say most observers, while Denison's group through bank loans privately engineered by the Royal Bank (though Denison refuses to disclose its financing plans).

With analysts describing Reserve's selling price as “a bargain,” it's clear Denison will go ahead with the purchase if it gets that far. Between now and November, however, the earliest

The spy who made it look so easy

Like Eugene Medson looked lost in the Virginia foothills, the last week passed in a security band and his rumpled shirt and pants had obviously been kept in the dark over info he had as Judge Don Lewis pondered. “I don't want you talking to those reporters. The only going to be another case tried by the press. It's a case just like any other. (Despite the allegations Medson's case is nearly commonplace. Accused of stealing at least eight top-secret documents from under the noses of security guards and selling them for \$500 the defense on getting at least another \$120,000), the 34-year-old year-

most feel the deal is considered, it's altogether possible a higher offer will appear on the horizon. Whether Denison would then be willing to engage in a bidding war no one knows. Some skeptics question Denison's motives for flirting with the deal in the first place. They see the fast mirror of the "Braun syndrome"—an attempt to take over a company so large that the successful corporate itself becomes immune to take-over. (It's no secret that Dome Mines Ltd., with a 10-per-cent interest in Denison, owned only to Denison's commanding position, has given Denison some long lingering looks.) Others see an echo of the "Preston salute"—Denison's own earlier manoeuvre of unloading an clutch of shares at a tidy profit when the price went up.

The point of the speculation is not to suggest any questionable motives on the part of Denison, or Braun himself, who's held water what is now within the business community. It merely points out how generally shrewd he is, as Denison stands to gain whichever way the deal develops.

Even if it does fall apart, Braun may find he stays in touch with Denison's president, Paul D. Meadows, anyway. Meadows takes cattle himself. ☐

The leviathan of Yonge Street

Few all their seemingly inexhaustible ability to boast about their own city. Torontonians couldn't go on forever pinning their strongest on the CN Tower as the best and the biggest. So it has come as a real shock in the city to Hargrove's civic boosters to have Cadillac Fairview Corp. open the second phase of its much-touted Eaton Centre, adding a whole new vein of untapped potential that should keep Torontonians clucking for months to come. According to Cadillac—the largest real estate company in North America—Toronto can now lay claim to the largest single shopping complex on the continent, housed in the largest glass-enclosed galleries in the world.

And why stop there? The new Eaton Centre was the effort of the largest configuration (56) of imitation Canada geese suspended from one ceiling (a \$300,000 sculpture by Canadian artist Michael Snow) as well as one of the world's most intricate and complex neon signs (advertising the Toronto-Dominion Bank—not to mention a major contender for the world's best-looking building left standing while the spanking new glass and tile centre went up around it).

This last distinction was architect Richard Zeidler with partners Brag-



Eaton's geese, a harbinger on the Bank

man & Hargrave struggle to get the project together in spite of Cadillac Fairview's lack of success in tempting McMaster University of Hamilton, Ontario, to sell a key corner property it happened to own, their under lease to F.W. Woolworth Co. Ltd. That building—which has since changed both owners and tenant, and is now occupied by a discount clothing store—may remain forever as a carbuncle on the flank of the Eaton complex.

All this for a mere \$265 million. Among them, Cadillac Fairview and its two partners—T. Eaton Co. and the Toronto-Dominion Bank—have succeeded in creating an inner city shopping complex and urban "space" that has few equals in North America and that al-

ready boasts more visitors every year than Niagara Falls. The centre, however, is not without its critics, notably of its exterior architecture, which some have compared unfavourably to a laboratory, and also for its impact on the surrounding neighbourhood, with some claiming it has "killed" street life on shutting Yonge Street.

The more people it draws in, the better—whether from Yonge Street or from the wilds of Buffalo—as far as Eaton Centre's 270-odd retail tenants are concerned, they need all the traffic they can get to keep up with some of the highest retail rents in Canada (top price: \$75 per square foot). If Torontonians—or tourists—ever tire of the Eaton Centre, not only the merchants but the entire downtown core would have cause for any lamentation. ☐

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Able David Steinberg played himself recently during the taping of *Nothing Personal* in Toronto. The script called for **David Sutherland's** enigmatic character to appear on *The Tonight Show* and expose a multinational scandal involving nuclear missiles, real cops and native and Chinese. **Jenny Russell** was unavailable so Steinberg sat in as host with **Sutherland** and **Craig Russell**, in his *Max West* dandy, filled the third seat on the all-Canadian, simulated talk show. "David Steinberg is a character I wouldn't like to play again," sighed the 37-year-old comic when the lights were turned off. Steinberg's star is finally ascending Hollywood-style and his schedule is so busy that he will barely have time to be himself. His latest film, *Something Short of Paradise*, will be unveiled next month and following that Steinberg is to make his directorial debut with *How the West Was Won*, in which he will also star opposite **Susan Sarandon** and **Colin Firth**. From that role, as a Freudian psychiatrist who plays analyst to a small western town, Steinberg will direct a film called *Dreamhouse* with **Gary Field**. "Every comedian in Los Angeles is walking around with a three-picture deal," he says with tongue-in-cheek modesty.

For three years Beverly D'Angelo romped with **Russula Newton** singing in bars that would rock until the clock stopped. Five years later the sensuously feigning 36-year-old is singing a different tune. As the star of *Miss Mame's* hippie-dippy offbeat version of *Mae* she achieved international recognition, which helped her win the role of

country and western singer **Patty Cline** in the autobiographical story of country queen **Latawa Lynn**, *Coal Miner's Daughter*, which will be released next year. With her career in high gear D'Angelo has now shifted into a role that requires her comedic and dramatic skills, but not her offbeat voice. In the comedy action drama *Midnight* she plays the daughter of crafty **Christopher Plummer**, who plays dead in order to feign a \$10-million caper and ends up dead in what should become of the film industry's most memorable scene—a free-fall dive off Toronto's 1,322-foot CN tower. If D'Angelo doesn't have to fall with him, but she will be taking a perilous sidekick ride through the cobble streets of old Quebec City at full gallop and has already refused a stunt person to stand in on some off-banging scenes in California. "She's terrific," says producer **Sammy Phil**. "Beautiful, exciting and very brave. We just hope she doesn't get killed."

Even in exile, the *Shah of Iran* can have as devastating effect on the workings of the world. His latest coup is being **Robert Aronson**, New York City's unpaid official greeter, away from his welcoming post to polish up the deposed tyrant's public image. "What I am trying to do is to relocate his majesty and put his back in order," says Aronson, 36, who started his career as a volunteer in



D'Angelo, not killing herself

the late **Naime A. Rucka**'s campaigns. It was Rucka's father who introduced Aronson to the Shah and urged the New Yorker to visit Iran shortly before the royal family flew into exile. An experienced man with his own thriving business, Aronson acted as spokesman and chief of staff for the Shah while he was in the Bahamas and has been in constant contact with the family since their flight to Mexico City. "I hope to help him get his story out," says kickstarted Aronson. "He is referred to as a dictator by the press. I can't put my finger on why he got the image he did."

Hank Ross would have appreciated the irony of it all. Last June, Hollywood's Neptune Theatre thought it had soap on its hands. **Mia Farrow**, the little lost child of *Papillon*, Moon, was slated to star in a Neptune production of Ibsen's masterpiece, *The Master Builder*. True to Ibsen, artist Farrow may be trying to surpass her own *Papillon*—because she has now reneged on the commitment. That naturally leads to another of Ibsen's themes: the conflict between one's own needs and the needs of others. Farrow, who in June told *Marlin's* that she had "heard Norm Scott was very beautiful" and was "looking forward to taking a firsthand look at it, along with accompanying her leading role opposite Neptune director **John Nantini** in what she then considered "a perfectly

constructed play" with "a perfect role for everyone," has opted out in favor of the lead in *Barney Miller's* latest play, *Summertime Comedy*, which is slated for a peering run on Broadway with **Anthony Perkins** taking up Neville's slack. Regardless of their leading lady's professional whims, the Neptunes plans to go ahead with the February production and they won't be without U.S. star dust. So-odd couple **Tony Randall**, who starred in last season's Neptune production of **Avlon Chavlin's** weighty play *The Sealant*, will direct *The Master Builder* with or without the flicky Farrow.

The last thing I see myself as is a fish symbol," says **Susan Anton**, 38, who helps sell cigars and mattresses between her TV variety and drama reverses. Anton's future swung into limbo following her failure to click with the public in her own TV variety series and various episodes of the best-forgotten *Cliffhangers* serial. Even more demoralizing was her feature film debut in *Goldwater*, which even **James Coburn** and **Leslie Caron** couldn't save from a virtual instant of critical banishment. Currently as the meters creep with her singing act, Anton will be lighting up the Canadian National Exhibition grandstand in Toronto later this month in an extravagant production, in which

Anton, the *Shah* Shore of the '80s?

she shares billing with self-deprecating comic **David Brenner**. Peeking up the former *Miss America* runner-up lounge is going to be particularly difficult since NBC lounge *Find Out America* recently dubbed her "the *Shah* Shore of the '80s," a label any *Shah* star would have difficulty living down.

After all he went through with the *Adventure*, you'd think that **Parky Mowat** would have wished that boat right out of his hair, but not so. The seagull heroise of Mowat's 1968 book *The Boat Who Wouldn't Float* added, however soggy, back into the kill-fingering author's life last month and will wash ashore before the end of August from Mowat's summer home at River Boogies in Cape Breton. Before the launching Mowat, 38, plans to rechristen the congenitally leaky craft with a bottle of Lemon Elixir Rum because, as he sees it, "there's nothing stronger available." He would actually have been content to let the two-masted fishing schooner rest in peace but local boatbuilder **Jim Beucher** insisted that she was too beautiful to be, and so set out restoring "Happy" in her present state, "high and dry, looking elderly but very handsome." Even though Mowat now believes the boat will float, he has decided not to wear his famous tartan at the launching, saying "I'm not taking any chance of getting my kilt wet."

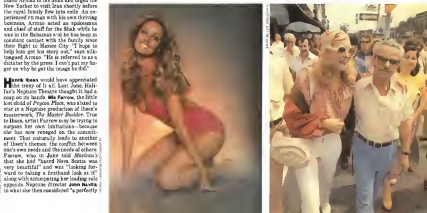
Greece did not lose an actress in particular in 1977—it gained a few politicians. For the past two years the controversial **Mercurio**, 54, has been putting in 16-hour days on behalf of her constituents in the impoverished part of Pirraia, the locale of her 1952 hit *Nixon* on Sunday. Her busy schedule has left only vestments open for film and acting commitments, including last year's critically acclaimed *A Dream of Passion* in which she co-starred with **Dian Kurstin**. While parliament was out for summer recess, Mercurio travelled to Toronto with husband/director **John Dassin**, 68, who is preparing to film *Circle of Fire* with **Michael Biehn** and **Talula D'Amico**. "I won't see Julie for the next three months and I worried to be with him," she said, but while Dassin was involved in casting scenes Mercurio could resist a little politicking. For two hours she afternoon she glad-wheeled her way through Greek shops, restaurants and backgammon halls, stopping to talk, mostly politics, and visiting chads' kitchens for a taste of soup or nibble of mousaka. Never missing an opportunity, Mercurio announced plans to return to Canada next month to work on a film about Greek immigrants which always will be "good propaganda for Canada, good for the Greeks and smiling for the world." Edited by **Martha Siedman**

Mercurio glad-handing for Greece

Sutherland, Russell and Steinberg at-Canadian, simulated talk show



DAVID STEINBERG



Riders to the cruel sea

It hardly matters that Canada's team won 18th out of 18 nations in the Admiral's Cup yacht race last week. Its victory came when all four crews of the Evergreen, Marlboro, Fabiana and Magistri survived the gale-force winds in the concluding race, the Fastnet, which drowned 16 sailors and wrecked 33 yachts of the 386 in the fleet.

Only Magistri completed the 665-mile Fastnet course from the southwest tip of England to Ireland and back through winds up to 63 miles per hour. Patches sought shelter in Ireland and Evergreen, the first to pull out, sailed back to Plymouth, as did Marlboro.

The Fastnet race was the worst disaster in yachting history. While the dead (two Americans, two Danes, 13 Britons and one unidentified man) were mourned, insurance companies braced for an estimated \$1.1 million in claims and British taxpayers picked up the \$3-million bill for the rescue of 138 yachtsmen.

As the magnitude of the disaster became evident last last week, an official inquiry began, with promises of separate investigations by the British government and the Royal Ocean Racing Club, organizers of the race. Charges and counter-charges flew.

At the centre of the controversy was the question—why was the race not cancelled? The official race escort was the Dutch destroyer Overijssel. Her commander wanted the race stopped.

As gale warnings were repeated, the race organizers in Plymouth replied to the Dutch commander that cancellation was not only unbearably, but impossible. They said that, contrary to practice in similar races in other countries, boats in the Fastnet were not compelled to carry radio receivers or transmitters.

The inquiry and investigations will have to answer further questions: Why were so many boats (some built more than 30 years ago) allowed to race? Were boat designers guilty of sacrificing safety for speed? Why was there only one escort vessel on hand? (Eight helicopters, two frigates and a Royal Air Force plane were involved in the rescue.) Did the yachtsmen take unnecessary risks in their desire for victory?

Commander Bill Berry, supervisor of the rescue operation, and the race should have been restricted to 50 boats. American Ted Turner, eventual winner of the race, said: "I have been predicting that something like this was going to happen. We are making boats too sloppy, too lightly built and too lightly rigged." The secretary of the Royal Ocean Racing Club, Alan Gross, said that the club would re-examine racing requirements and consider limiting the number of yachts allowed to race, but he rejected demands for additional escort vessels in future races. Peter Cross of the British coast guard said "Many

The *Arctura*, one of 33 boats sunk or abandoned yachting's worst disaster

of the yachtsmen have only themselves to blame for the disaster. They took risks which normally they would not take." Said New Yorker Stephen Coate: "I had a radio and I shut it off. I didn't want to hear it. All we thought about was trying to win the race."

On receiving radio reports of the impending storm, Don Gross turned his Canada's Cup champion Evergreen toward Plymouth safely in port, but his crew described 45- to 60-foot waves that pounded their ribs before the storm.

The other Canadian yachts, though more fortunate, were not so lucky as Evergreen. En route to Plymouth, the Magistri almost capsized. The crew was almost forced to abandon ship when they narrowly missed running aground on Pate's Rock, the coral-belt point of the race. Don Gross reports of Magistri and the waves tossed the yacht about like a toy: "We could feel the boat going over, bodies catapulted across it, we were buried from our backs." Andre Collis added, "It seemed to take hours just to get to the top of a wave."

There are no immediate charges planned pending the reports from the inquiry and investigations and to plans to ban the always-demanding race. As Commander Berry said, "Otherwise we would not produce Englishmen."

The pealing anthem swells and dies before the jeering throng and begs the question, why?

By Trent Frayne

Why is the lay department the last refuge of the national anthem? Why do the sports promoters repeatedly host O Canada upon the paying guests? Why bring in pop singers and country singers and even opera singers to conduct waving battalions with the words and mean the composer laid down? And they swear that if they don't stay pretty soon, somebody's apt to blow up the grandstand?

Maybe it's because we're so long divided the noble athletes in the trappings of Toronto that the fans have become a little testy. A while back, just before the Argonauts played a football game with the Hamilton Tiger-Cats, a Welsh singing group named Les Fennellians rendered the vocal, slow of tempo and with the lyrics of the rarely heard second verse. The 4000-plus fans broke into a privileged boom, thinking the words were Frayne's own. They were not alone.

"We're not going to pay him the \$300 he was supposed to get because he didn't do what he was supposed to do," sternly pronounced Doug Philpott, manager, commodore and promoter.

"When we hired him I told him to make sure he did the standard version in the French and a quick tempo," growled John Higgins, director, finance and administration.

In Toronto, employment of the French language represents a mighty task. It is the town in which, by now, the standard fathers decided to segment a few traffic signs with bits of French to help the Mr. Trademas play for bilingualism. The word *ARETE* appeared under the word *STOP* at an intersection. This heady increase into a second culture drew a rapid response as a crowd from the town from the twenty basket of Oakville with his foot on the footboard and his hand on his gun. When he reached the offending intersection he filed the STOP/ARETE occasional fall of shogun heads.

More recently, when the word, now second-world, team in basketball, the be-

loved Toronto Blue Jays, played a home engagement last season, management turned the anthem over to a slender threat named Ruth Ann Wallace. The customers waited for Ruth Ann to wrap up her stand on guard for those when suddenly she dropped a core in her most powerful lyric on them. Good God, the thought flashed through 40,000 minds: that's French! Frantically fans filled the sky, and the commotion over Ruth Ann's French phrases didn't die down for days.

It's not just in Toronto, of course, that

there are damned few things said as

done to remind us we are one nation,

and therefore it's a good thing. We have

72 football games in a season as the

playing of the anthem may seem repeti-

tive, but rather than condemn that I

suggest it might serve some purpose if

it were done every day.

It's arguable, though, that the word

"repetitive" is the key word in this era

of long, long schedules and overlapping

seasons. In the National Hockey League

now, six Canadian teams

have 40 home games each

plus pre-season exhibi-

tion and playoffs. In To-

ronto and Montreal there

are 76 and 75 baseball

dates respectively. For

the majority of games there

are two national anthems

because U.S.-based teams

are visitors.

"Not in my mind," cries

the not exactly non-

resident owner of the ma-

jestic Maple Leafs, Bar-

rie Ballman. "We don't

play the American an-

them and, to be honest

with you, I don't know why

we continue to play the

Canadian one. I can't see

much sense in it these

days. It's a throwback to the war years,

arousing patriotic spirit and all. People

don't come to the rink to hear an organ

recital, they come to see a hockey game.

Well, if we played the American one,

first thing you know, with all the head-

lines of people coming over here,

they'd be wanting there, too." Stinky

Harold.

In the U.S. they don't have this prob-

lem. One Star-Spangled Banner gra-

des all. Well, granted isn't quite the

wood because it's a fact that few songs

are treated with less reverence by

sports fans whatever country is

inuring the old vocal chords to shouts as

that anthem's terrifying range of

notes.

To judge by the reaction of the cap-

ture audience at sports events, then,

the gestures could do every body a fa-

vor if they'd put a lid on the national

anthem and somehow persuade the

commander of the CFL that there

must be an alternate route to the pe-

destined note to enjoy.



Cinema

Descent into hell

By Lawrence O'Toole

When he was a little boy Francis Coppola must have thought he was glimpsing of mountains that nobody else could see. He made movies with titles such as *The Red Moonstone* and charged admiration to them. Stricken with polio and confined to bed for a year, he played around with puppets and puppet theatre. When he was nine he wrote a letter to his mother that read, "Dear Mommy, I want to be rich and famous. I'm so discouraged. I don't think it will come true." Being Italian and Catholic, he must have heard somewhere that faith moves mountains or at least that he could see them more clearly. He hitched himself to his ambition and, at 80, he is the most celebrated and controversial movie director alive.

After he had spent nearly two years in the Philippine jungle making his \$21-million Vietnam War epic, *Apocalypse Now*, he wrote a note to himself, which his wife, Eleanor, found it read, in part "My nerves are shot—My heart is broken—My imagination is dead. I have no self-reliance—But like a child just want someone to rescue me." Last week, during the eleventh hour before the film's release, he told *MovieMaker*, "I

think modern film directors should be heroes. It always amazed me how people are so applauding of a hero in sports who is able to run a fraction of a second faster than someone else, or leap a little higher. It's as though because it's something you can measure with a stopwatch that you can say, 'Ah, this man is truly a hero.' But in the arts, people are so frightened to say, 'Ah, this man is a hero.' When they asked Sir Edmund Hillary why he climbed Mount Everest, he said, 'Because it was there.' I climbed a mountain that wasn't there, which in my opinion is harder. All artists are basically trying to climb mountains they can't see and that aren't there."

Back from the mountains, having bagged the biggest and most brilliant movie in American film history (see review, page 37), Coppola has become the easiest target going the expense and breadth of the film, the publicity that proliferated around it and Coppola's on-the-revolving dramatic disfigure for things commonplace all combined to produce either envy or awe. To apply a metaphor he used in *The Godfather*, he looms as large as an octopus preying on a shooting gallery. Crowd noises he may be, but he's never, and everyone wants a piece of the action. Everyone,

Coppola shouting "Apocalypse Now!" "My nerves are shot... my heart is broken!"

tion, has an opinion about the gargantuan gamble he has taken with *Apocalypse Now* gross the \$70 million required to cover all its costs? With Coppola's personal fortune, won from his two *Godfather*s, either spent or mortgaged to make the film, he salvaged? And who does he think he is anyway?

Nothing energizes both the popular press and the popular imagination as much as the anticipation of disaster, the insurance of ruin—especially when the subject of possible ruin is elusive and can't be easily explained. At a press conference in New York for 150 Canadian and American journalists, Coppola set looking tones but tolerant, answering snail questions—a while in a goldfish bowl. Hiding behind his shaded, horn-rimmed glasses, he seemed the model of decorum, but was seething underneath. Eleanor Coppola had just published *Noir*, a revealing journal of the filming of *Apocalypse*, charting the deterioration of their marriage and Coppola's

The helicopters, insects of Vietnam sky: David Strait's rapids swirls like victory

own physical and emotional disintegration. Domene asked what he thought of his wife's frank memoirs, he replied with suppressed fury, "That is my business." Afterward, in his suite, he asked how people could ask such questions. "I wasn't was really very hurt," as assistant said, "Why do people do that?"

One obvious reason is the impression fostered by the press that Coppola has an elephantine ego. Earlier in the year he broke the rules by showing *Apocalypse* as a work-in-progress at the Cannes festival—in competition. Unheard of. The film then shared the grand prize too much. To add insult to injury, Coppola called the U.S. press, "the most despicable, most unethical, most lying press bodies you can encounter." Unmistakable Now begins, "The press took some unfair and unjustified shots at me. I guess I was getting even."

The movie business doesn't appreciate outsiders and Coppola had severed himself from the Hollywood studio sys-

tem, building his own empire, American Zoetrope, in San Francisco. An upstart from the UCLA film school, he had, in the space of a few years, turned into a tycoon. In 1971 a memo from Coppola to his employees found its way into the pages of *Esquire*, confirming the rumor myth: "This company... purely and simply, is us and my work." There is only one person in authority and that is me. "More daunting memos have been circulated through offices in North America; Coppola's happened to greet the public gaze."

Family, for Coppola, is sacred, and he guards his privacy greedily. But he'll talk at length about his roots, where he comes from. Steeped in the Italian visual, musical and emotional tradition, he's the leader of a pack of American film directors of Italian extraction—Marino Giannini, Michael Cristofo, Brian De Palma, Alfred Sole—who possess high-voltage style and obsessive vision. "It was something that I was, for me, raised with," he says. "My father was always making characteristic remarks about how Italians were so great in the arts and that after all there was Leonardo da Vinci, or others. I think that feeling may have come from the fact that during his lifetime they were poor immigrants and trying to hold onto this great cultural tradition—that they would have a lot of pride in being Italian." Coppola is always quick to boast about his father, Corrado, playing flute for Toscanini, and claims that one of the happiest times of his life was when his father won an Oscar for scoring *The*

Godfather, Part II, itself a tribute to those Italian immigrants who slipped off the boat into a new country and a new century.

"I think also in my family—and I know Mario Scorsese's pretty well—there was the warmth that you (think of) in the Italian family," says Coppola. "There was also the dramatics and baroque and family feuds... that may lead something in the formation of a picture director." Strong family ties, the crippling effect of polio and the fact that the family moved 30 times because of his father's career difficulties—all these things must have contributed to Coppola's intense desire to prove himself—and wrote no more letters like the one he wrote his mother when he was nine.

He knew the path to power. In 1967 he took a magazine, "I pattern my life on Hitler in this respect. He didn't just take over the country. He worked his way into the existing leader first." (The quote was quickly reattributed to the *Apocalypse* books began.) He later clarified it: the only way to become independent of the industry was to achieve power in it. He quickly landed at a small job for 3-movie king Roger Corman, who was known to let eager and good workers have a crack at making movies—the result being *Comeback*, which had a \$6 budget. (He also made a few soft-core porno flicks.) He became a crackpot scriptwriter and screenwriter, made "small" movies like *You've Got a Big Boy Now* and *The Rose People*, then *Francis's Rainbow* (it

beheaded but made his name with the establishment). Having picked up his first Oscar for co-writing *Poison*, he got the directing job on another larger-than-life themed movie, *The Godfather*. Though he was on the verge of being fired every other week, and though everyone was convinced he didn't know what he was doing with the material, he finally finished it and made movie history—for the first time. (His association and friendship with recording genius Brian Auger Oltra began with *The Godfather*—he used a taped improvisation by Oltra to persuade Paramount to allow the actor, no longer a box office draw, to play Don Corleone. Later he filmed a harrowing study of an electronic savant-dropper, *The Conversation*. One of the most affecting movies in *Apocalypse* involves a tape and the movie itself: In an advance in sound recording. Not granting interviews last week, he returned to a series of questions from *Marlowe* as long as he could send in the answers on tape.)

After *The Godfather* became the highest grossing movie in history, Coppola could set his own standards. Adopting a patronage system not unlike the Italian "favor" system, he nurtured young directors. When studios had

turned down George Lucas' *American Graffiti*, Coppola was responsible for getting it distributed and launching *Lowell* (Star Wars) rocket-like career. John Milson, who drafted the first screenplay of *Apocalypse*, has called Coppola the "Big Area Mannequin," adding: "You cannot overemphasize the importance he has had. If this generation is to change American cinema, he is to be given the credit or the discredit." Other people's opinions of him (if you can get anyone to say anything) are ambiguous.

Having played patron to talented young film-makers, though only in his life himself, and having copied three Oscars for producing, directing and writing *Godfather II*, he shows it all over—the extreme financial costs, the power and status—to risk everything on the film of his dreams. Not only that, the film would be about Vietnam when wounds hadn't even begun to heal. It was such an embarrassment, "and" it costars a left Hollywood and movies making. The drama of making *Apocalypse Now* is more than simply documented: the typhoon destroying the set,

The numbed and painted faces of Willard's crew: how some men become murderers

the heat, Martin Sheen's heart attack, Coppola inviting suggestions from the public on how to end the movie and, finally, the release dates being shifted about until the joke was *Apocalypse Now*.

When the day of judgment was at hand and the picture about to be released, he had the nerve to flout his achievement. "I'm real proud of *Apocalypse Now* I think it's really a beautiful film and I think it's a more grand achievement than I had ever hoped for while working on it. The time was worth it. But I think I will always be making films that are a little out of my grasp."

The awful truth, especially as far as the press is concerned, is that the man in myth I'd created was much sadder and less envied teacher. The real, living and breathing Francis Coppola has become almost invisible, which suits him just fine: "I'm tired of having my personal life spread out like mailed better. I'm tired of hearing whether I was right or not during the making of *Apocalypse Now*." He simply wants to make movies. Angry over the whole movie system, when Steve McQueen, Jack Nicholson, James Caan and Al Pacino all turned down roles in *Apocalypse*, he picked up his five Oscars in frustration and threw them on the window.

No stranger to the blood, operatic and humorous gesture, he conducted a promotional campaign from a yacht in the harbor at Cannes. On the set in the Philippines for his birthday there was a cake six-feet-by-eight-feet. Yet, like the very rich, he can be incredibly scrupulous about money. The supreme slap in the face to Hollywood came earlier than this year when he turned down an offer by Visa to direct a picture for \$1 million plus a percentage of the profits—probably the largest fee ever offered a director. For his next project, an adaptation of Goethe's *Elective Affinities* (a very, very long film), he has rented a house in Japan. He seems to be one of those people who live in the future tense.

Because he is, technically, the most advanced director of his time, Marlowe's asked him what a bad director looks like. "God, I never thought of that. I would say really that the director is nothing more than a voice-over-man. It's a guy out there who's saying yes and so to this and that. When you're making a film you're always a million miles away from the finished film. [In the case of *Apocalypse Now*, 11 million feet of footage.] It takes a good consciousness to get that thing in his head so he knows what to say to you and what to say to be."

"For me the greatest talents are the ability to conceptualize, the capacity to feel true emotion—great emotion—for a human being. Too many directors

think too much of directing so they set up the camera and how you stage the scene—that's really pretty easy to do. The hard thing is to go into the netherworld of human behavior."

The self-made hero, the man who would be king (and is), looks again to the future. "I want to keep getting away from *Apocalypse*, get away from being merchandised by the books surrounding the film. They made me into this colossal... I feel like like a foot in the way they chose to depict my work. If that changes and people like my film, then I'll be merchandised as something else." *Apocalypse Now* has been in crisis and its life span, for Coppola, has run through. "My strong desire right now is to get away from the world of promotion and distribution of movies. Maybe even enjoy myself a little bit."

But he also said, "I would like to be able to make films that no one ever even thought of making."

More mountains, and dragons >

Crawling on the edge of a razor

APOLYPTIC NOW

Directed by Francis Coppola

I've seen the devil of violence, and the devil of greed, and the devil of hot desire, but by all the stars there were strong, hard, self-righted devils, that roared and drove men.

—Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*

Watching *Apocalypse Now* is like having a series of doors opened for you, each revealing the photographic imagery of hell. You walk out of it shaken, all powers of judgment jettisoned. Because it is visually, sonically and emotionally unlike any other movie, it radically changes the perceptions and responses you bring to movies. And because it creates new standards of film-making, new standards of criticism have to be brought to it. Descriptions of "good" or "bad" are pointless. *Apocalypse Now* is such an awesome, man-made piece of work—a kind of colossus—that it goes far beyond tedious considerations of personal tastes.

The confusion it's bound to stir comes from being led—no, pushed—into new territory. The movie begins on a high-pitched tone and never loses it. The territory it travels goes down, down, down to depths to which you thought the soul could never descend—and some of the audience's disbelief might confirm itself as again *Apocalypse Now* may be the first great work of movie art that people will hate. There has never been

as bleak and cold, as stylized a view of humanity as this one. It's Coppola's *Zone Comedy* fit with the glint of modern steel-blue horror-hardware, his *Rite of the Ancient Mariner* without any comforting odds. You don't watch this movie, you live through it—it's analogous to wearing an albatross, expiating a sin you haven't yet committed. Coppola suggests that some hidden part of us is a heart of darkness ready to descend to life by the greed, lust and violence of war. The road to war is paved with good intentions, the way out is often thought to be the way in—keeping sane by choosing complete dis-

sociation from the horror, rejecting all conventional moral choice. The philosophy is as loudlyivable that man enters what T.S. Eliot called "heaven's other Kingdom" and hell becomes habitable. There is no way out.

Apocalypse Now begins with a stunning montage of superimpositions: the face of a man mixed with the sight and sound of helicopters and burning napalm in the jungle Jim Morrison of The Doors is singing "This is the end my friend." The images fade in and out, shift position; helicopter blades whir (sometimes right over your head) into the song "The Fire, we find, is that of

It's Canada's Choice. Naturally.

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Captain Willard (Martin Sheen), a war veteran alone in a Saigon hotel room. The creaking voice of a man who has drunk—and seen—too much begins a voice-over narration while the screen shows him snoring a murmur and something in silent pain. He's "warring for a mission," he's he's "getting softer," and when he does get his mission it is to "terminate with extreme prejudice" a Colonel Kurtz, a soldier with a fearless military record who now governs like a god a band of Montagnard tribesmen in Cambodia. Willard listens to a tape in which Kurtz talks about a recurring nightmare—"a small crawling on the edge of a straight razor and surviving." Willard accepts the mission and on his journey up the river into Cambodia he encounters every war horror imaginable. The more he learns about Kurtz, the more he discovers about himself.



Sheen in the heart of darkness; stands, the death-pod Kurtz. "The horror, the horror"

Willard's own son becomes injured to injury, too. Living on the nerve ends, like caterpillars crawling on the edge of a straight razor and surviving, they shoot the innocent crew of a sampans—all because of a puppe hidden in a wicker basket. Chief (Freddie Forrester) who wanted to be a success in New Orleans, Chief (Larry Fishburne) who struggles to dance from the radio, Chief (Albert Hall) who tries to keep order as the navigator and Lance (Sam Bottoms) who sees himself as the dark and drops and—they all because like Kurtz "—beyond time reality, beyond caring." The jungle noises, the drapings of sweat from the jungle heat and fear, the weight of the war, erode their emotional resources.



Filmed as a relentless ritual of death and decomposition, the horrors don't wait, they merely continue. In one of the most spectacular uses of sweat from its way into film footage, a crutch-scratching red-neck commands named Kilgore (Robert Davoli) leads a circling cortège of helicopters (his is called *Death From Above*) into a village while playing Wagner's *Die Walküre* on his tape deck ("Wagner does the hell out of the slopes"). Valley-guns scream, helicopters fly in like phobias, bullets rip through the air, and the eyes and ears are raped as the village is strafed. Below, a film-maker (Coppola himself) shouts at baffled soldiers: "Don't look at the camera!" a priest endures a Holy Communion service as the helicopters do their hellish dance and Vietnamese fall like flies, and two soldiers start at Kilgore's command, because that's why they came to this particular village—to start the war. The men in the war are the lives Wagner. He has nerves of steel, never flashes. When jets drop napalm not far away he says, "I love the smell of napalm. It smells like... victory." A

Apocalypse Now is a war epic opera set pace after another. A USO show up the river featuring three Playboy bunnies greeting with guns between their legs—photographed by the remarkable

Vittorio Storaro as a Coney Island in the middle of the jungle—turns into a near rape rape. The devil of last. Soldiers have gone crazy, torn down their own kind, nobody knows who is in command, they just fire their guns, the gun-fire and the cheer on the sound track bring it race-close to a Jimi Hendrix song. Madness, madness, madness. Death upon a black page, keeping the right company.

Coppola was right to film his journey as a surreal onslaught on the senses, as pure phantasmagoria. Vets of any war can only tell, with sad inarticulateness, what took place. When Willard reaches the Kurtz compound he sees a psychotic temple dominated by desiccated heads—the rebel soldiers have sprayed the words *AMERICA* over his neck. They want apocalyptic, they want revelation, they want an answer to all the cruel confusion. A speed-art photographer (Dennis Hopper) thinks Kurtz a guru with genius and, as embodied in Martin Brandt's plangent performance, Kurtz towers over everyone else. We don't get enough of him, and what we do get is obscured in shadow. But we remain as fascinated by him as Willard is and wait on every word of his extended monologue. "Horror has a face," he tells Willard, "and you must make a friend of horror." Initiation into possessing a dark heart.

There was a time when Kurtz was in contact with more fabulous feelings. He talks about going up a stretch of the Ho Chi River past a garden of plantation and it was "as though heaven had fallen to earth for five miles." But what drew him into that big black heart was seeing "a pile of little arms" thrown together like a Holocaust collage. "And I cried," means Kurtz and there isn't an actor alive who can say that in the way Brandt does. Kurtz discovers "death's other Kingdom." His last words are a choked, ghostly whisper: "The horror! The horror!" Coppola ends his audacious achievement with a whisper, knowing that it is rarely human presumption that would make the end of things prophetically exciting. And we're left with the thought, *Michael Kurtz—he not dead! He is sleeping inside, a light sleep, waiting to be awakened by the sharp alarm of a shot being fired somewhere.* ☐

The 20-somethings version can be found only in Toronto, New York and Los Angeles and will not open across North America until October. These 20-somethings version will not have quadraphonic sound. They will have little credit at the end of the program was handed out until the 20-somethings version. The credits will read over referred apocalyptic footage, which does not make a story point.



Music

Dancing to the dance

By Robin Green

I've hearing a lot—peak hour at Flamingo, one of New York's most popular gay discos. The room is steamy hot and glowing, a sort of homosexual Walpurgisnacht is under way. There are 1,800 men on the dance floor, hundreds stripped to the waist wearing stoneware jeans and leather-clasped sandals. The air is streaked with the scented smell of grass and the sweet taste of the sweating down, glittering taroos. The 14, Rumba Rivers, is about to make the room even hotter. Moving the end of one record into the next with a move discernible only as an upward shift in sound, he draws hundreds more from the bar onto the dance floor.

Egy Caviano, the 28-year-old president of EPC (Caviano's initials) Records, the new disco division of Warner Brothers, stands beneath Rivera's booth absorbing the mood of the scene. A key try-out spot for so-called "progressive" disco, Flamingo plays the newest records months before they reach the mass market. Caviano, who pioneered this method, says "If the men at the Flamingo like a record, it's

more to be hit nationally and probably internationally."

The record that his disco's tastemakers grating wildly this evening was first played six months ago, climbing to No. 1 on both the Canadian and American disco charts within a matter of release. *Dancer*, the work of 26-year-old Montrealer Disco Soco, remains a favorite in the underground clubs. "A jack can throw on Soco's record when everything is going wrong in the room and it will bring everyone out of the bathroom, away from the bar and the hallway and back on the dance floor," says Caviano. "Discs has a real dent for the sort of music people want to dance to today."

In the rapidly expanding world of disco, Soco's is a major talent: Montreal's New Artist at Billboard's International Disco Forum last month in New York, Soco was picked by Caruso for the first time to perform at the *Disco Made in Montreal*, the album includes five Soco numbers, among them *Dancer*. Now turned gold in Canada, *Dancer* is the rage on the disco circuits in Britain, France, Germany and Japan. Well over 250,000 copies of the single have been

Soco (left) with Rod Stewart at Studio 54; making it on the disco circuit

and internationally and Soco's sales are also soaring that mark—impressive figures for a disco newcomer.

Tall, lean and quiet, Soco is so poised from this rush of sudden fame that his sentences end in whispers. Settling back in a sofa in his Manhattan hotel room, he is a striking figure in black velvet with a bright red cleaner's tag peering from his pocket, a small testimony to the pace at which he moves. "My lifestyle has gone right overboard," he admits. "What I'm doing is absolutely crazy by normal standards. One minute I'm in Los Angeles, the next I'm somewhere else and when I'm not doing that I've got my head in a speaker at 500 decibels creating noise."

Indeed, as confused as Soco's life that he hasn't the slightest idea how much money he is making. Still living (when he can get there) with his parents in Montreal, he has no agent to keep him affairs in order or to control his intake, which, he concedes, is a lot. "I blow money like nobody's business," he says. "My mother works in a Montreal store

and what she earns in a month—around \$200—1 spend in a day. These years to be no limit to what I can spend, but I don't know how long it will last."

Christie has no doubts about Secor's future, certain that he is the forerunner of a new generation of disc artists. Not only did Secor write and score *Owlive*, he also produced the album and performed the drum, synthesizer, keyboard, acoustic guitar and vocal tracks. Trained as a classical musician from the age of eight (including studies at Montreal's prestigious Vincent d'Indy Conservatory), Secor brings more to the business than good vocal chords and a sense of rhythm. Such versatility, he hopes, will stand him in good stead. Just as he credits his success as a composer to the duo work, he predicts his success as an artist will coincide with the death of the genre, which he predicts—perhaps optimistically—will come in the next seven to 10 years. Then, as now, he will produce for other artists. "I can't stop at myself—that's too limiting. I've reached more to offer than producing just one album a year called Gus Secor."

Secor's study allows that his name is better known below the border; the story has a further snag. "People are just discovering that I'm Canadian," he says. "I don't think I will be Canadian—that sort of thing is only for Hollywood." As if it can't be done in Montreal, Secor has a good atmosphere there. There are certain things that turn one off about the place—politics, for instance—but there is more than enough to make one want to stay. It's home.

Secor may find the record he's producing for Guy Lafleur—a three booklet practice album to be released for this year's season—may bring him a higher profile on home turf. The four songs on the disc—Body Check, Shoot, Skate and Score—are interspersed with instructions from Lafleur, who intends the record for school gymnasiums and clubs throughout Canada. According to Secor, dance's 4/4 beat is the ideal tempo for dancing the puck.

Meanwhile, Secor is under contract to cut at least three more albums for Cavéon, the next to be released this fall. He admits to craving a simpler pace. "I would like to be able to run, play tennis, ride horses and even a lot, but I can't now because I have such a time. When disco runs its course, I'll be ready for the other things in life and I'll get it all together." For the moment, he's riding on the high tide of success with influential hits sending him everywhere. "I really enjoy Gus's music," says Christie. "His recording is tremendously plain and clear—sort of light but heavy at the same time, if you know what I mean." The boys at Platinums know exactly what he means. ☐

Books

The typewriting on the wall: rights on a sliding scale

Writers are not a race-and-match lot—running as they do in all shapes, ideologies and degrees of talent. Which is perhaps why Samuel Johnson observed, "The best advice to authors would be that they should keep out of the way of one another." Still, after the 1979 Ontario Royal Commission on Publishing, a small group of Canadian literati, including Margaret Atwood and Jane Calhoun, got together over beer and hotdogs at Toronto's Embassy Tavern and The Writers' Union of Canada was informally launched. It may have been no more of things to come than author Hugh Garner boycotted the Embassy fest after muttering about "the eternal backfiring of these dismal people" and returned a manuscript from TFI's bid.

But this month the 300-member Writers' Union has much more than a mild case of gastroenteritis. The

Donald Creighton and Michael Bliss, political theorists Walter Gorn, novelist Fredelle Noyard and W.P. Kinsella, poet P.K. Page, crime writer Derrick Murdoch and literary godfather George Woodcock.

Still this year all members paid a standard \$100 yearly fee. As the 1978 annual meeting, members voted for a sliding scale of fees based on the income of members. A committee set up to investigate this idea (which included new Chairman Calhoun) decided this year's wouldn't work and recommended a flat fee increase to \$125 instead. But the membership was marching to a different ideology. After a close fight at last May's annual meeting they voted for dues based on total income with a scale ranging from a minimum of \$20 (based on a net income of \$5,000 or less) up to a maximum of \$300 per year for those with after-tax incomes of \$17,000 or more. "The philosophy behind it," explained Calhoun, "has to do with the risk being able to afford more than the poor. It's a Robin Hood concept." Complete with a Sheriff of Nottingham lurking in the woods, what outraged some members even more than the different-dues-for-the-same-services was the rider that members could be required to show statements verifying their total incomes to union officials.

"I've had it," said Leszek Award winner Marley Targus of *Good Place to Come From*. "The apogee, the government, my elderly old-age home and now the Writers' Union. I'll be damned if they're going to start investigating me too." Many writers felt even more strongly about paying dues as income earned from non-book sources. Author and psychiatrist Ian Maclean, who did not have a book out last year, earned only \$6 in 1978 from literary sources but his medical practice puts him in the \$500 bracket. Calhoun found themselves paying dues to the Writers' Union on income already taxed by ATMA, PRAC or other union and professional associations.

Supporters of the new scheme—Margaret Laurence, Joyce Kilpatrick, Judith Merril, Peter Berton, to name a few—held firm. "If they don't want to pay," Berton told a disgruntled Calhoun, "they don't belong in the union." And indeed by mid-August some 265 members had paid up, prompting the union with



Writers' Union Chairman Calhoun. Will jump off the bridge if you cut?

write a new fee schedule that resulted in 31 written resignations (five reconsideration) and 112 non-responses from members sent dues notices. Among those who have resigned historians

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Rebecca and Laurence protesting American book-banning in 1975; see Robin Hood

\$50,000 more than last year's fees would have. But solidarity has its numbers. "We can't survive with 132 negotiations," says Caldwell, who proceeded to mount a campaign of gentle persuasion and hyperbolic arm-twisting. She told Murdoch-Richter after he resigned: "I'll jump off the Bloor Street viaduct if you quit while I'm chairman." He rejoined:

Based in a corner by rules of procedure, the quasi-canon held a referendum on the issue till the end of September by which time any member who hasn't paid up—including the west-and-east crowd—would be ineligible to vote. "We'll find a way," vowed Caldwell.

After making the referendum retroactive, but there's a problem with that. An annual meeting decides everything and then later on we all think about it and send out a referendum and ends it. That doesn't look like you know what the hell you're doing."

In fact, the Writers' Union has been doing a lot of things. On the plus side it stopped out-price American editions of Canadian books being dumped here; it persuaded Premier René Lévesque to soften BIL 165 so that English bookstores could advertise in English; its copyright committee is preparing to lobby on the tricky issue of the photocopying of members' works; and the grievance committee provides legal aid and advice to members who can't handle their own publishing disputes.

Other activities may be more controversial: the union has spent money on a glossy book of photos and biographies of its members as well as a guide to selling working papers to university archives. It has lobbied successfully in Ontario for reductions in tuition for members in schools paid for by taxpayers—as would be the public funding rights fee the union wants paid to members whose

books are borrowed from libraries. The progressive for sale is necessary. In the opinion of some members, only if the Writers' Union is to move from a lobby group and part-time union into the legitimate world of unions is a United Arts Workers. The thing for sale is the head, for type-I writers of the future. If it passes, Canada's writers will be on the way to a place in the sun—of organized labor. **Barbara Amiel**

Love is just a four-letter word

by David Lindsay
(Pica Press \$5.95 paperback)

Vicky is a writer. *Mik* is a legend. Vicky writes short sentences (Robert sometimes says "yes!" because people think short thoughts). Vicky loves Mik, especially when she feels "his great body towering at me, gauging at the roots of my forest." She knows that he lives but when she throws up on the floor, "I think of Mik eating that first egg sandwich. A fact away from the ghastly mess of my stomach. That has to be love." Vicky has a sister named Françoise. Françoise talks in very short sentences: "Oh, don't," says Françoise. "Oh, god. I don't. I know. Oh, god!" Vicky has a bright idea: "Maybe it's one huge orgasm, this book." Vicky is wrong.

Crossings is a tedious, offensive novel, all the worse because its narrative keeps tripping her honesty. It seethes with squallor, droves of rape, abortion, autism, nausea, assault and drunken strop will adore it. Written in a leering, self-conscious tone, *Crossings* guards its audience: "Mik robs in his truck and for one moment I think he's going to let me. It's a deep thrill in the groin, and I hold my breath." Packed with such paltry confessions, the novel comes

to resemble a West Coast Harlequin romance rewritten by a 501-a-rate Eric Jong.

The poverty of Lambert's language matches a virtual absence of ideas, and here lies the novel's worst offense. Torrents of emotional abuse, foul language and barely explicated sex are not in themselves enough to claim the book, a good artist can turn base metal to gold. But *Crossings* offers only foul's gold. Not content with the glorification of her own incest, Vicky launches muckery on her friends, husband and family. The result is a selfish, self-indulgent book, insensitive to the point of nightmare. No less cynical than Richard Nixon, *Crossings* is little more realistic than Peter Pan. **Mark Abley**

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICION

- 1 The Mothership Child, Goldilocks (1)
- 2 The Last Confederate, Stewart (2)
- 3 Overland, Heller (3)
- 4 Shogun, Trevelyan (4)
- 5 War and Remembrance, Wood (5)
- 6 The Island, Benbow (6)
- 7 Sophia's Choice, Spence (5)
- 8 The Year-Wind War, MacLennan
- 9 Good as Gold, Heller (2)
- 10 Solter, Cook

NONFICION

- 1 How to Invest Your Money and Profit From Soltes, Shuman (1)
- 2 The Complete Scientific Medical Diet, Tawawa/Raker (3)
- 3 Great Works, Martin (3)
- 4 Beyond Reason, Trudeau (4)
- 5 The Powers That Be, Mulvihill (4)
- 6 Memoirs of a Doctor, Crawford (4)
- 7 Lauren Baskin, By Stewart, Kucak (4)
- 8 Public Program (5)
- 9 Frigate, McCreary
- 10 Operation Flash, Snapper

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Behavior

PLASTIC MADNESS

By Judith Timson

It was a sad experience for me. I felt as though I were being cut off from the rest of the world—Bismarck Paul Glodoff, describing how it felt to destroy his life credit cards.

He had no choice at the time, but that seems to have faded into the mists of memory. Instead, Paul Glodoff, an outgoing Toronto pre-fab salesman with a \$14,000 income, a penchant for \$250 suits and a habit of treating his friends to food and drink, prefers to see it as a kind of conversion. There he was four years ago, \$5,000 in debt, unable to make ends meet, missing credit payments and still pay his rent. He considered defaulting personal bankruptcy but that smacked of public dis-

grace, so he offered himself up for credit counseling and submitted, albeit unwillingly, to a directive to ditch his credit cards. Then, with the seal of a reformed sinner, he showed up his life, throwing himself into charity work and off-the-rack blouses. Furthermore, with a wallet full of cards and the fastest signature in town, was no more. In his place—the way and thoughtful manager. "For the first time in a long time," recalls Glodoff, "I actually needed the price of things."

In 1979 people don't roll anymore about the plastic revolution—they live it. In the U.S., two credit cards circulate for every man, woman and child, and in Canada, seven million OB signs and two million Master Charge cards are in use. Plastic awareness, to use the jargon of the industry, has become the essence

of the masses, the sophisticated yet naive way to go about the business of buying a better lifestyle. And in spite of energy crises and gloom-and-doom economic forecasts, people are still hooked on the thrill of the good life.

But this goal may be getting harder to attain. American banks report credit card defaults are soaring. In Canada, the number of personal consumer bankruptcies has increased from a relatively modest 1,200 in 1968 to a staggering 15,885 in 1978. This year, a projected 19,000 Canadian consumers will officially declare themselves failures at handling their personal finances.

Unfortunately, on the social front, tales of plastic madness are becoming as common as—well, in fact, as linked-to-together descriptions of the search for self-fulfillment. Everyone knows someone who has just torn up his card, or is just about to, or wishes he had. Everyone has heard at least one horrifying (but thrilling) saga of excess. In Toronto, for example, the journalist-deep-pocketed was a-buzz with the story of the lady officer, who, planning a dinner party, stepped out to buy salt and pepper shakers and returned with a \$1,800 lighter, a Cartier watch, eight crystal champagne glasses, eight crystal desert spoons and a set of home china. She said she "just carried away."

"That seems to be the point of the whole thing," says Toronto psychologist Larry Pica, who, in his private practice, has treated people head over heels in debt. "Of course people who use credit cards don't keep track of their expenditures at the time. That is the intention of the people who use them, and they have been very successful." However,





bank officials who face criticism of their credit card programs—which are fast becoming the most widely used—do so safely.

For bankers, the statistic that matters is the one that shows credit card debt comprises no more than 16 per cent of the overall consumer debt in Canada (which, in 1978, was \$35 billion). That, coupled with the fact that between 48 and 58 per cent of the people who use Charge and Master Charge pay off their bills in full every month—thereby avoiding the 18-per-cent interest charged at a rate of 1% per cent a month—in all, the reassurance that someone like Doug Hamilton, assistant general manager of the Toronto-Dominion's Charge Centre, needs to state: "Most Canadians are handling it well."

And the future... well, the future belongs, if not to a cashless society, at least to a less-cash one, with bankers pointing as, for the 1980s, more is the way of automatic feed transfers, spe-

cial phone containing slots in which credit cards can be placed to order merchandise, vending machines that accept cards and direct debit systems which result in an immediate withdrawal of funds from the client's account.

In Canada, the second-largest market after the U.S. for American Express cards, the American Express Company is embarking on a fierce advertising campaign to attract new customers that could cost up to \$50 million. In Europe, the crusade is already under way to convince the more traditionally conservative European consumer of the joys of credit card living. "Once they have plastic awareness in their minds, we will be hard on their hearts," promised one American Express Company official, while the international powers at Charge-VISA are negotiating with a European Communist country to get on the card.

By this fall, at least one major trust

company—Canada Trust—will begin issuing Master Charge, and the Canadian Co-Operative Credit Society, with more than four trillion members, has decided to join the card game by the end of next year. There is hardly a major financial institution left in Canada that does not view the card as pivotal to its financial structure.

As for convenience, the tiny perfect piece of plastic provides instant identification, is away with cheque writing in front of suspicious clerks, offers cash advances and facilitates shopping by phone and travel. Says Toronto financial consultant Ann Pappert, "If you want to be in what is laughingly called the mainstream of Canadian society, you need a credit card. It sounds like the answer to everything, everybody's dream."

But Paul Jersabek, a vice-president and director of Oakway Ltd., a major Canadian firm dealing with jewellery, has seen many people for whom the dream has meant more than a few sleepless nights—85 per cent of the bankrupts his company processes used credit cards, many of them annually. He suggests: "Maybe they should put a statement on the back of credit cards the way they do on cigarette packages: 'Warning, use of this card may result in damage to your financial health.'"

"I wish you'd stop calling them credit cards," complains Al Bates, head of the Master Charge program at the Bank of Montreal. "They're payment cards." At the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce's Charge headquarters, an senior official says: "We like to see them as convenience cards." Whatever, back in the early 1950s they came into being as credit cards. First hotels, then oil and gas companies and department stores began allowing clients to select customers.

In 1959, the Diners' Club was invented, mainly for the express-accounted, American Express followed and then finally, in the 1960s, the banks got in on the action. By 1968, four Canadian banks—Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, the Royal Bank, Toronto Dominion and Banque Canadienne Nationale—were offering the blue, white and gold Charge. They were joined later by the Bank of Nova Scotia. By 1973, two others—Bank of Montreal and the Provincial Bank of Canada—began issuing Master Charge. However the card is characterized by the bankers in particular, it has clearly changed the way people feel about money and the way they spend it.

"It's hard to come up with a nice, neat theory about credit cards," says Larry Puts, a behavioural arts lecturer at the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education. "But just listing all the false assumptions people have developed about them should tell us something." Same goes, for instance, talk about the "un-

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reality" of using plastic, others about the ease of well-being that comes over them, that whisk of power, that perceptible boost to the self-image, especially when they're in the throes of what Peter Kosa, a 36-year-old Windsor, Ontario, salesman wryly describes as "plastic magnificence." Says the self-confessed Chicago Insider: "That's the ultimate horror show, when you go drinking with the boys or out to lunch and you throw down your card." No man, no fuss, no fumbling around in the wallet for those old-fashioned pieces of lined paper that were once palpable indicators of the state of one's personal finances. With plastic, the overall financial picture gets blurred in the psychological distance the consumer imposes between the use of his card and his own money supply—as the two weren't quite connected. Last spring, during a debate between the Ontario government and Lablows about whether Ziggy's, its chain of specialty food shops, should be allowed to accept credit cards (the government said people shouldn't be buying necessities on credit, Lablows said why not, Lablows would open a debate between a reporter said grumpily: "Of course credit cards should be allowed. Have you seen those people? How else could anyone afford to shop here?")

Plastic: for people and a credit card

Autosomal credit card bills have become the liberating lady's lament.

One woman, a 32-year-old public-school teacher who has had to take a job teaching nights to pay off a \$1,500 Charter bill, angrily applied for a charge card simply to arrange a good credit rating. At first she paid the amount owing in full every month. "But when they raised my limit, I began to feel rewarded in a subtle kind of way, and so I began spending more." That seems to be a familiar trend. Bank officials say the limit is not based on a customer's ability to pay, but how much they think the customer is going to use the card. If he or she is brushing up against the limit, yet still managing to get the maximum payment due (often a ludicrously low five per cent of the bill), then the limit likely will be raised. The temptation (or temptation) to spend more than one can afford is irresistible.

Men are at least as bad as women. Darwoody's Jerabek says seldom are the words, "We still need to spend. To spend, they need a card." And for men, too, there are emotional needs to be looked after. Grindoff, a 46-year-old bachelor, used to feel depressed and lonely and "buy another suit." Another

divorced man about town, amazed his friends with jokes about "emotional hardware." After each shattered romance, he would go crazy buying stress equipment—a new set of headphones, the softest little tape deck.

Banks are reticent about revealing the amount of credit card default for "competitive reasons." Nor are they forthcoming about the standards they use in issuing the cards. Have they been lowered over the years? J.E. Whitman, a vice-president of the Commerce, professes to talk about "lowering the standards" rather than relaxing them. Still, there are curious cases of people with credit cards who clearly have no business with them. A Mississauga, Ontario, woman Mary Wright was raising \$70 a week in a warehouse when her bank gave her a Charter "automatically." Discovered, with three children and a history of financial problems, she used the card three years ago to buy a \$600 air conditioner for a male friend. She still has not paid the bill and when the bank recently attempted to garnish her wages, she quit her job as a dishwasher in a restaurant and went back on welfare. She had to laugh recently when a Toronto department store representative showed to ask if she would like one of its cards.

There are also students, who, on the strength of a summer job, acquire one (or even two) cards and then live off them the rest of the year while they're studying. While Peter Kosa was studying at the University of Toronto, he and his wife, Mary Anne, ran his credit limit from the standard beginner's \$250 to \$1,400 within two years without even having a steady job. "We didn't have the money to buy groceries so we went out to dinner and put it on a plastic card," he says. "I don't know over our limit, we'd spend them a few bucks and they'd bump it up." Then there was Christmas—a card junkie's nightmare. "I was still paying for Christmas the following May."

For all that, there aren't many people in 1979—and that includes most economists, consumer advocates and shop owners—who would come out four-square against plastic. It has already become an indispensable part of everyday life. Even Paul Grindoff, the credit card boss out who says he felt "This is either Paul, the one who feared God on the road to Damascus, the day he rapped up his cards, has been born again into the world of plastic. After repaying his debts in record time, he proudly took it back and received two shiny new bank cards. He was pleased. "It is a kind of a challenge," he said, "seeing first of all whether I could get them back—and then seeing if I could use them properly." So far, so good. ☐

Technology

Mounties of steel

When President Jimmy Carter pays his expected visit to Ottawa this fall, a Canadian-made mechanized Mountie will be waiting in the wings, ready to wheel into action in case of an emergency. It is one of \$10,000 robots, designed by a small Toronto firm and assigned to security detail at RCMP detachments from Halifax to Whitehorse to handle such delicate tasks as bomb disposal or hostage-taking incidents.

Like a bomb rover designed to kill, it comes equipped with a 12-gauge shotgun for disrupting bombs before they have a chance to explode and a sophisticated water pistol containing 3½ ounces of highly compressed liquid which can rip through a metal case to put a damper on explosives within. The six-wheeled vehicle also has a closed-circuit TV camera to survey its surroundings, as well as a x-ray vision and a stethoscope for examining the interiors of suspicious-looking packages. It can travel over the roughest terrain, and has a variety of arm attachments for opening doors, partly lifting 70-pound packages or pushing a three-quarter-ton truck.

Beyond its bomb disposal duties, the Remote Mobile Investigation (RMI) unit is expected to be deployed for night fire-fighting and handling radioactive materials. The machine can launch tear gas grenades, drag a wounded man to safety, carry food and supplies, can be used to negotiate with terrorists over a speaker system, and "remotely" lift a sniper standing up to 200 yards away using a 16-inch parabolic mirror and light system. It can be fitted with a laser sighting device for sharpshooters out distances.

Underlying it's one fancy piece of gadgetry. Most important, of course, even with its price tag of \$18,000 it's expendable. "You can always build another machine. You can't build another man," points out Bill Hay, a technical consultant at the firm's Canadian Bomb-Detect Centre. Until now, bomb-squad officers had to study suspect objects through binoculars and stand behind protective shields to examine explosive devices with long poles. The jet has further taken the worry out of being close. Technicians can now give direc-



RCMP robot and dummy bombs taking the worry out of being close

tion from the safety of a control panel connected to the robot by a 60-yard "umbilical cord."

The RMI is evolving as a success story for Pelcon Canada Ltd., the two-man Toronto firm that designed it. In the past six months, the Ontario Provincial Police has taken possession of two and the acer has bought one, two for use in Ottawa and one each for Whitehorse, Vancouver, Edmonton, Winnipeg, Fredericton, Halifax and St. John's. Pelcon, owned and operated by George Pedersen, 48, and George Scott, 35, has also received inquiries from Britain, Egypt, Finland, Germany and seven South American countries. The firm's chief competition is the British-made Wheelbarrow—used extensively in Northern Ireland in recent years. The Canadian department of national defense has five of the heavy-duty machines but RCMP officials say that for its purposes, the RMI easily fits the bill. The Canadian version is less expensive, can operate five times as long without recharging, and has several features not available on the \$30,000 Wheelbarrows.

For the RCMP, bomb disposal is a relatively new task. Until 1973, responsibility was largely in the hands of the military. But times have changed, says Inspector Terry Jenkin, head of the RCMP security policy section. Worldwide, terrorism showed a marked upswing in the early '70s, bombings in Montreal and incidents of violent activism in the U.S. brought home the fact that civil authorities had to be prepared for terrorism on the domestic front. In 1970, only Montreal, Toronto and Hamilton had bomb disposal experts on hand. Today 200 technicians in 37 police units across the country have been trained to disarm explosive devices.

While terrorism activity remains a concern, it is not a priority reality in Canada. Of the 58 bombings and 21 attempted bombings reported last year, almost all were attributed to vandalism or personal animosity toward the bomber's target. Nevertheless, these incidents mean that last fall, three people died—two were injured, and property damage amounted to \$10,000. And when the RCMP stands on guard for such VIPs as the U.S. president, RMI is on standby—just in case.

—Sarah Henry

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Law

Reviving a spooky spirit

It would have suited James Bond alright. "We're looking for you special men and women who still have a spirit of adventure. There aren't many of you (one in a thousand maybe)," read the ad in the Washington Post, placed last month by the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) whose star has fallen to such a degree it is forced to advertise for spies. This has made William Brock, chairman of the Republican National Committee, more anxious than ever about the state of agency affairs. He cites the ad as direct evidence that the CIA is demoralized and desperate.

In the past, recruits were lured by the old-boy network, from discreet university interviews and referrals from other branches of government. But these sources have clearly dried up. Following the traumatic congressional investigations of the past few years—with their revelations of assassination plots, secret medical experiments and attempts to undermine constitutional democracy—the clamor has gone from the spy business. People just don't want to get involved anymore.

The implications are far greater than the newspaper ad might suggest. For, as Brock is quick to point out, America's intelligence agencies have stepped deliriously the goods. From Cuba to Korea, from Iran to Rhodesia, they have failed to get things right in the past two years. Now Brock has produced a scathing report saying the CIA and its mistakes are causing "confusion and chaos" in the nation's foreign policy. As a result, the Republicans recently decided to call for a massive overhaul of intelligence operations and plan to make the subject a major issue in next year's presidential elections.

In politicizing the plight of the agency, in drawing attention to its shortcomings, Brock hopes to get the CIA a new deal with Congress and at the same time push in on the right-wing policy drift that is evident throughout the U.S. today. He says "Previous and misguided initiatives by the Democratic-controlled Congress during the Nixon, Ford, and Carter administrations have drastically reduced U.S. intelligence-

gathering capabilities. The cumulative impact of these past few years has been harmful misallocations, massive intelligence failures and setbacks in our foreign policy." He called a proposed revision of the 1947 charter of the CIA—offered last year in the Senate—"totally inadequate and unacceptable." The proposals died and the Carter administration has yet to come forward with a revised version, though one is expected later this month.

The Brock report proposes establishing a foreign operations service—a new arm for the CIA—for clandestine activities abroad. It also proposes reducing the amount of intelligence information made public under the Freedom of Information and Privacy Acts and recommends that the agency be given greater freedom without having to report every detail of every operation to Capitol Hill. Congress now makes it mandatory for CIA Director Stansfield Turner to report to eight Capitol Hill committees before going ahead with any clandestine project. In a recent hearing, Turner told Carter "A foreign intelligence agency has dedicated a just covert action with us that would have been of great benefit to both countries. It did so when reminded that I must notify eight committees of Congress of any covert action. They simply did not believe that we could keep that secret."

CIA newspaper ad for spies, Republican Brock: much darker than ever

The Republican report decries intelligence failures the "virtual dismantling of the United States in the eyes of the world" during the Iranian revolution, the inability to predict the revolution in Afghanistan and the failure to deal with what it called Cuban-sponsored revolutionary activities in Nicaragua, Guatemala and El Salvador. The report advocates an increase in spying at home and abroad. It also urges that the CIA modify a directive prohibiting use of reporters, dispatchers and advisors for espionage activities.

Now it's just the Republicans who are disenchanted with the intelligence "product." A few months ago, Carter declared in a hand-written note that he was "not satisfied with the agency's work" and demanded an improvement in a new spirit and a new sense of mission. So far it does not seem to have been forthcoming. But there is a growing lobby on Capitol Hill in favor of once again "taking the gloves off" the CIA and letting it operate in its old free-wheeling style, then certainly with less of a brake.

The Republican report stresses that all U.S. government agencies should be required to provide agents of proposed foreign operations services with cover identities and that U.S. companies abroad should be encouraged to follow suit. If such a law had been in force a few months ago one of the most bizarre incidents in the recent history of espionage would have been avoided.

It occurred when the Chinese government invited Joseph Califano—then a member of Carter's cabinet—for a goodwill visit to Peking. The CIA asked Califano if it could include one of its agents in his party. American spies have never lived well in China and that seemed a good opportunity to pick up a few tidbits of intelligence. But Califano, fearing that his visit would be compromised, refused to allow an agent to travel with him. The spy could only go, he said, if he was specifically identified as such and okayed by the Peking regime.

It was an incredible action, not only bringing a spy in from the cold but pushing him into a sensitive position in a Communist country. Left with no alternative, the CIA decided to give it a try. And the Chinese, bemused and possibly amused, raised no objections. Thus Robert A. Phillips, a young Harvard-trained, Chinese-speaking economic analyst, went along with Califano's group identified as the official reporter as representing the "National Foreign Assessment Center (NFAC)." At a secret dinner in Peking, Chinese Minister of Public Health Qian Xuesheng raised his glass in a toast to Phillips and expressed the hope that he had learned what he wanted to find out. It's a good bet that he didn't.

William Lovelace

Central Intelligence Agency

We're looking for
you special men and women
who still have
a spirit of adventure



The trowel's race against time and tide

By Peter Cartledge-George

In its prime in the 1840s, it was blackly described by writer R.N. Ballantyne as "a monstrous blot on a swampy spot with a partial view of the frozen sea." Today, in its brief summery glory, only the relentless swarms of mosquitoes are monstrous and York Factory, founded in 1682 at the mouth of Manitoba's Hayes River, commands a partial view of a cold but unfrozen Hudson Bay.

Once the commercial centre of Canada's West and North, it was home to 600, boasted 50 buildings and was busy with commercial trade, as Indians traded their furs at the massive Hudson's Bay Company depot in return for the goods of Europe. Today the green-and-white depot is deserted, the other buildings have crumbled away, like the houses of the French and English who fought and lived there so long ago. York Factory wears a faded beauty that whispers of a glorious past, an image broken only by the steady swarming of archeologists' trowels. The past is measured in trowels.

When Ballantyne penned his jaw-dropping words, York Factory commanded a trading empire of 1.5 million square miles and for almost two centuries had been the centre of a huge commercial



empire, a distribution centre for the Hudson's Bay Company's massive Northern Department. It was here that Lord Selkirk's settlers first landed in 1811 and began their journey north to Manitoba's Red River Valley. York Factory is heavy with history, its crumbling grandeur filled and faded.

After 1815, York Factory's power began to dwindle, victim of the silent railroad which promised English merchants faster, larger profits for shipping to St. Paul, Minnesota, rather than to the remote, arctic depot, gripped by ice most of the year. Still, even as late as 1896, 700 Indians came here to trade their furs, but by 1899 the number had dwindled to 70 and York Factory had become a strategic archaeological site. Few mourned when the depot was finally closed in 1907. Occasionally a lone canoeist pulled in, picked up an ancient souvenir here and there, and marvelled

at such neglect. Not until 1968 did the federal government see fit to declare it a national historic site and only then, ironically, after members of the Manitoba Historical Society had written letters.

Today the history-soaked site is a natural disaster, a victim of time and tide. As permafrost melts, it turns the clay to slurry and the cliffs are slithering into the sea, the riverbank eroding several feet a year, taking with it thousands of artifacts and, with them, priceless clues to the past. In a century or less the surviving depot will teeter on the riverbank, where even now the fiercest foundations of long-barred structures hang threateningly over the beach.

Antique troweling (above), artifact collection (above right), York Factory in its prime: unearthing a proud past

On the beach at York Factory, chunks of sod crash to the sand and pieces of the past peer from their arctic timber trunks: sauks, harnesses, clay pipes, buttons, buttons, buttons and all the bric-a-brac of an age forgotten. Young archeologists probe the matted rocks, and are rarely disappointed. Last year, Parks Canada sent a team of three researchers to the remote spot to assess archaeological potential and the amount of work. Both are great. From a single yard-square just 1,500 artifacts were recovered and in three brief summer months more than 6,000 were washed, bagged and coded for storage in a Winnipeg computer's memory. This year a team of 16 experts has been busily digging pits, creating beaches, lighting the site.

The real work, however, is on the cliffs, where six students trowel away at their pits eight hours a day, unearthing pebbles, timber foundations, beads, buttons, once even a felt hat and a pair of shoes. "If only we'd started this 10 years ago," says John Coates, chief of Parks Canada's prairie archaeological research. "This is a salvage operation. So much will be lost as soon as the big project were to go ahead, we could recover no more than two to five per cent of the site's potential." That would be 100,000 artifacts based on present progress. The "big project" is a proposal from York University Professor Arthur Ray, now being considered by the Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council of Canada. It would cost about \$10 million and involve an interdisciplinary, five-year excavation and research project with up to 70 people. Its fate—and York Factory's—should be known next year.

York Factory is probably the single most important site of the entire fur trade," explains Ray. "On top of that, the Hudson's Bay Company archives contain nearly half a million pages on York Factory alone—a detailed record of almost three centuries of European settlement in Canada's North. We have to salvage as much as we can." The project he has outlined would include ecological, agricultural, manufacturing, labor, transportation, medical and nutritional studies. Among 15,000 artifacts uncovered to date are bottles still containing medicine.



"We may also seek private funding," says Ray. "This isn't just a dry academic subject. It's of great relevance now. Northern pipelines are being discussed and at York Factory we have a unique record over 300 years of how Europeans and natives interacted and how the activities of Europeans affected the natives."

Back at York Factory, where quick-

clattering shovels drush wild fivers and trowellers alike, archeologist Gary Adams strokes his bushy red beard and gazes intently at a carved wooden bowl, just unearthed. It will join the ceramics and glass, the birchbark baskets and beads, in a plastic bag bound for the "backshop" in Winnipeg, ferried out on the food plane that comes in every two weeks. "You must think we're crazy getting off on all this junk," he laughs. "It's the isolation. Worst strange."

Ballantyne's partial view of the frozen sea will remain such enough, but at York Factory, an inner war wears on and the plastic bags are filled and filled, winter seems as distant as the day the Selkirk settlers arrived. Muzzie and silent, the Hudson's Bay depot stands as it stood when Queen Victoria was a girl, its simple cannon pointing to the crumbling cliffs. Next year the river will be a little closer, the past will have needed a little more. And one day the monstrous blot will dissolve forever, as if it had never been. ♦



COURTESY OF THE HADSON'S BAY COMPANY

Manila's incredible psychic surgeons



To see is to believe. Or is it? Vice versa—does belief produce the vision?

An Ultratec healer slices open an epileptic's skull with a dirty knife and scinty surgical saws blind and brain as they rear about. Drooping with blood, the pain-free patient helps scoop his tissue into a bucket before the healer patches the skin together, closing the wound without sutures. Problem solved. Next please.

The "operation" was filmed by Vancouver clinical psychologist Dr. Lee Pilon and shown at last week's meeting in Winnipeg of the World Federation of Healing. It was one more example of "psychic healing," a phenomenon that raises the hackles of more orthodox medical men. The healers have been branded saints and charlatans. They work from motels and fancy hotel rooms in Mexico, South America and the Philippines, where they service hundreds of clients daily from North America, Japan, Europe and Australia.

Manila, the Philippine capital, has become a magnet for these seeking magic cures. Psychic surgeons there work without knives, apparently diagnosing in a trance, then plunging fingers straight into tissue to remove what ails you. Is it fraud or medicine beyond the limits of orthodox practice?

At his home in Lockport, Manitoba, Norm Varish doubts nothing is as firm through photographs showing healers' fingers plunged to the knuckle in pa-



Manila surgeon and patient (above).
Varish, a believer: scalpels away

tient's abdomen, plunging out tumors without benefit of scalpel or anesthetic. Says the 56-year-old fisherman: "I used to think the idea was crazy, too, but I've seen what they can do and it's real." Two years ago, after contracting prostate trouble that wouldn't heal, he borrowed \$2,500 and took a 28-day passage to Manila, organized by Nabel Wagner, now living in New Westminster, B.C. "Healer Benji Balacane fixed my prostate, cured my constipation, removed an ulcer and fixed a fractured rib," swears Varish. He returned to Manila last February after a heart attack. The second trip cost \$2,600, plus \$225 for 34 "operations." He was told to give up his heart pills and have no surgery, since his cancer, he says, he feels fine, but doctors can't check his condition. He refuses their services.

Dr. Ian Reid of Manitoba's Selkirk Medical Centre has seen two patients who have tried the Manila medicine and

he's not impressed. "It's a scientific hoax, slight of hand," he says. "I know a heart patient who tried it and he's now much worse. Pure trickery."

Winnipeg never thought so, too. For 13 months they investigated Wagner's claims, following a complaint by an elderly blind man, now dead. He paid \$1,029 for a trip to Manila and, though told that payment was entirely voluntary, was charged \$550 for treatments that didn't cure his blindness. No charges were laid in the case. As Constable Graham Geddes puts it: "How do you prove fraud when many of those we interviewed swore they'd been helped by the healers?"

Gas believer Isabel Tontolan, 66, of West Vancouver (she spent \$2,300 on a trip to Manila seven years ago and says she was cured of phlebitis. She has since made the trip twice, once as tour guide for Wagner's psychic pilgrim packages and a second time leading a group of friends, receiving free travel and accommodations as a reward.

Wagner herself has been to Manila 28 times since 1976 and plans another Manila trip in November. "I went after a friend told me about it in 1973. My health was poor and the surgeons helped my eyelight and arthritis. I've never had a word from the surgeons and wouldn't take it. As far as I'm concerned I'm doing God's work."

Is the tissue the healers claim to remove real? Dr. William Parker, Manitoba's chief medical examiner, has analyzed some. "It was supposed to be a tumor removed from a man's testicle but we proved it wasn't human, adult tissue. It could be fetal fat. I think the tissues is concealed so the surgeon but I don't claim they can't help people who believe in them. If I had time I'd go to Manila to look into this more closely."

Psychologist Pilon says American researchers have done just that, controlling operating conditions and insisting the surgeon wear only shorts. They were unable to prove fraud. For Pilon, psychic healing is real. Whether tissue produced in real or faked is immaterial. He thinks some patients may need to use tissue to be psychologically sure something has happened, so the surgeons materialize it.

Boys Head Barker of New Westminster, who will pay her ninth Manila visit this January. "I have no health problems but I love to watch the surgeons work. I can't explain it but they do seem to open the flesh with their fingers. The only thing you can do is go and see for yourself." By year's end, hundreds of Canadians will have done just that.

Peter Carls-Gordge

Alan Fotheringham is an author.

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